**WILL CONGRESS RAISE HELL?** *By* **JAY FRANKLIN**

DEC. 30,
1933

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WE DO OUR PART

# Liberty

5¢

Leslie Thrasher

## THE BEAUTIFUL SECRET AGENT

by *MAJOR* **HERBERT O. YARDLEY**

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**First Spud . . .** "I don't like them. I can tell you right now that I could *never* get used to that menthol sensation. It's too different!"

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**First Pack . . .** "Am I switching to Spuds? *Ask me!* I'm only sorry I didn't give them a fair trial long ago. You stop tasting the menthol after smoking a few, and begin tasting swell tobacco. And maybe your mouth doesn't feel cool and fresh in between smokes! 'Mouth-happy' is right!"

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## SPUD

**MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES**

DECEMBER 30, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 52

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

# HA! HA! JOIN IN THE JOYFEST!

HEIGH-HO! But he's a jolly good fellow!

That's the spirit of the holiday season.

Join in the song. Let gladsomeness reign in your heart. Gloom should be cast aside—forgotten entirely; he doesn't belong!

Old Man Depression is on the run. We have scared hell out of him. There are times when you can almost play checkers on his coat tails.

Anyway, what do we care?

Money is just so much metal or greenbacks—and bonds and property bring worrisome responsibility.

Shake the very life out of everything that annoys you. To the devil with them! They are out of place. The Christmas spirit must prevail.

In this festive time we must celebrate. The joys of life should be seen through a magnifying glass.

Make them so big that they just overshadow and blot out all your worries.

Your enemies? You have none!

Friends there are everywhere! Enfold them in a spiritual embrace! You want to help them; they want to help you.

The smile that won't come off radiates good cheer wherever you turn. Do your part.

Grim, serious things there may be, but this is the time to play high jinks.

Christmas opens our purses.

A feeling of good-fellowship is broadcast everywhere.

Feasts are spread for the hungry.

A day of jovial friendliness is provided for everybody, and throughout this holiday season we should hand out the good things of life here, there, and everywhere.

Your purse may be thin and gaunt, but a cordial feeling of good will costs nothing.

Spirited appreciation for the gifts that have come to you is most desirable, even if they are nothing more than good health, a feeling of well-being, a sympathetic appreciation of human kindliness.

And let the "goose hang high"! This is the time to get drunk—not on alcoholic liquors, but drunk with animal spirits. Even if you're full of the Old Nick and a bit devilish from an oversupply of wholesome enthusiasm, no one should complain.

Just be yourself without reservation.

The cup of joy should be overflowing with a feeling of buoyant aliveness that thrills you at times with joyous acclaim.

If you haven't anything else, pass along good cheer, kindly thoughts; for happiness is far more contagious than misery and disease.

After our years of hardship and depression this holiday season should be a joyous celebration that will be remembered for years to come.

We hope our readers will join the happy throng and rejoice in the glad tidings of the prosperity that is to come.

Merry Christmas to all!

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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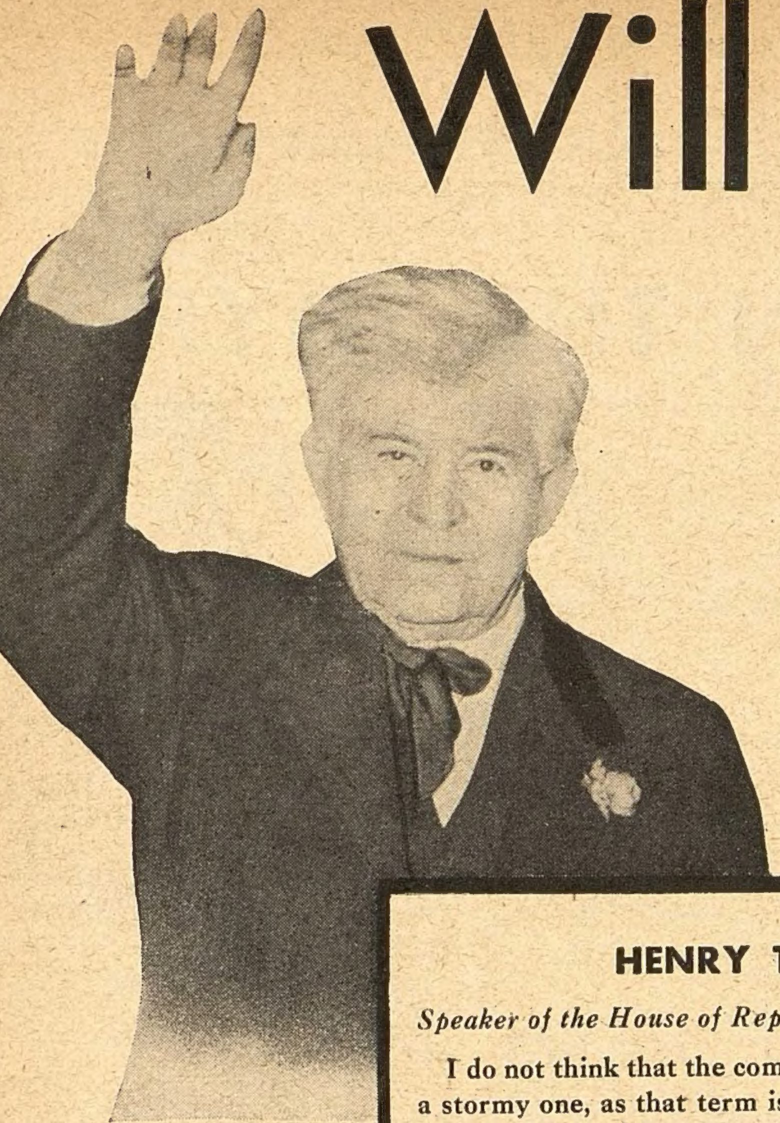
Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1933, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

# Will Congress

### By JAY FRANKLIN



*(Reading time: 11 minutes 5 seconds.)*

WILL Congress raise hell when it assembles on January third for its regular session after the first nine months of the New Deal?

"Yes!" say the Republicans, with conviction.

"No!" say the Democrats, with misgivings.

Independent political observers and the mass of the American people are inclined to agree with the Republicans, but are keeping their fingers crossed until they see what Roosevelt plans to do.

Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee and one of the President's trusted political advisers, believes that the failure or success of N. R. A. will decide the attitude of Congress. "If unemployment is steadily decreasing and commodity prices are rising," Senator Pittman said in a statement specially prepared for Liberty, "then I believe Congress will be patient, realizing as it must that such a change in the nature of things must be slow."

Joseph W. Byrns of Tennessee, Democratic floor leader in the House of Representatives, states flatly, "I do not believe that the next session of Congress will be a turbulent session. We will still be on the sure road to recovery and the importance of teamwork and coöperation on the part of Congress is as necessary and imperative now as it was during the special session. . . . The President is doing a good job and the people are as strongly behind him now as they have been at any time since his inauguration."

The Republican spokesmen avoid the appearance of partisanship and are discussing issues, especially currency inflation, in terms which suggest that the policies of the Administration are due for a heavy bombardment.

"No better description of inflation has been given," warns Senator W. Warren Barbour of New Jersey, "than that it corresponds to a shot in the arm. It provides temporary stimulation but an equally sharp after-effect. . . . The preservation of a sound American currency means just as much to the millions of holders of life insurance policies, possessors of savings accounts, pensions and workers, as does food itself. When the dollar takes flight with a corresponding acceleration of its decline in value, the cost of living will double, triple, and quadruple, without a corresponding increase in earning capacity on the part of the individual."

And Senator Dickinson of Iowa makes the challenging statement reproduced herewith.

Behind the pros and cons of partisan spokesmanship, however, both the Democratic and Republican high commands are watching anxiously for the breaks. Both agree that, if the session were to take place at the traditional time, early in December, Congress *would* blow the roof off. Both sides have, admittedly, been watching President Roosevelt's move to forestall and short-circuit popular impatience. Despite the President's warning to expect "No miracles!" many Democrats have been waiting for him to pull something out of his hat; while the Republicans have been gloating over his difficulties.

The Republican forecast is one of trouble. They have already started sniping tactics and have held out their hands to the Al Smith-Wall Street Democrats, to the Carter Glasses and the Democratic conservatives, with their pamphlet Let's Look at the Record! They have

**HENRY T. RAINEY**

*Speaker of the House of Representatives, Democrat, Says—*

I do not think that the coming session of Congress will be a stormy one, as that term is usually construed. I look for earnest debates of problems connected with the codes and with farm relief and with the currency. What we have done would have been considered radical indeed a year ago. There has been a complete reversal in methods of public thinking. There is no objection now to propositions which would have been considered radical a short time ago. This is a new era. Things must be done in a new way.

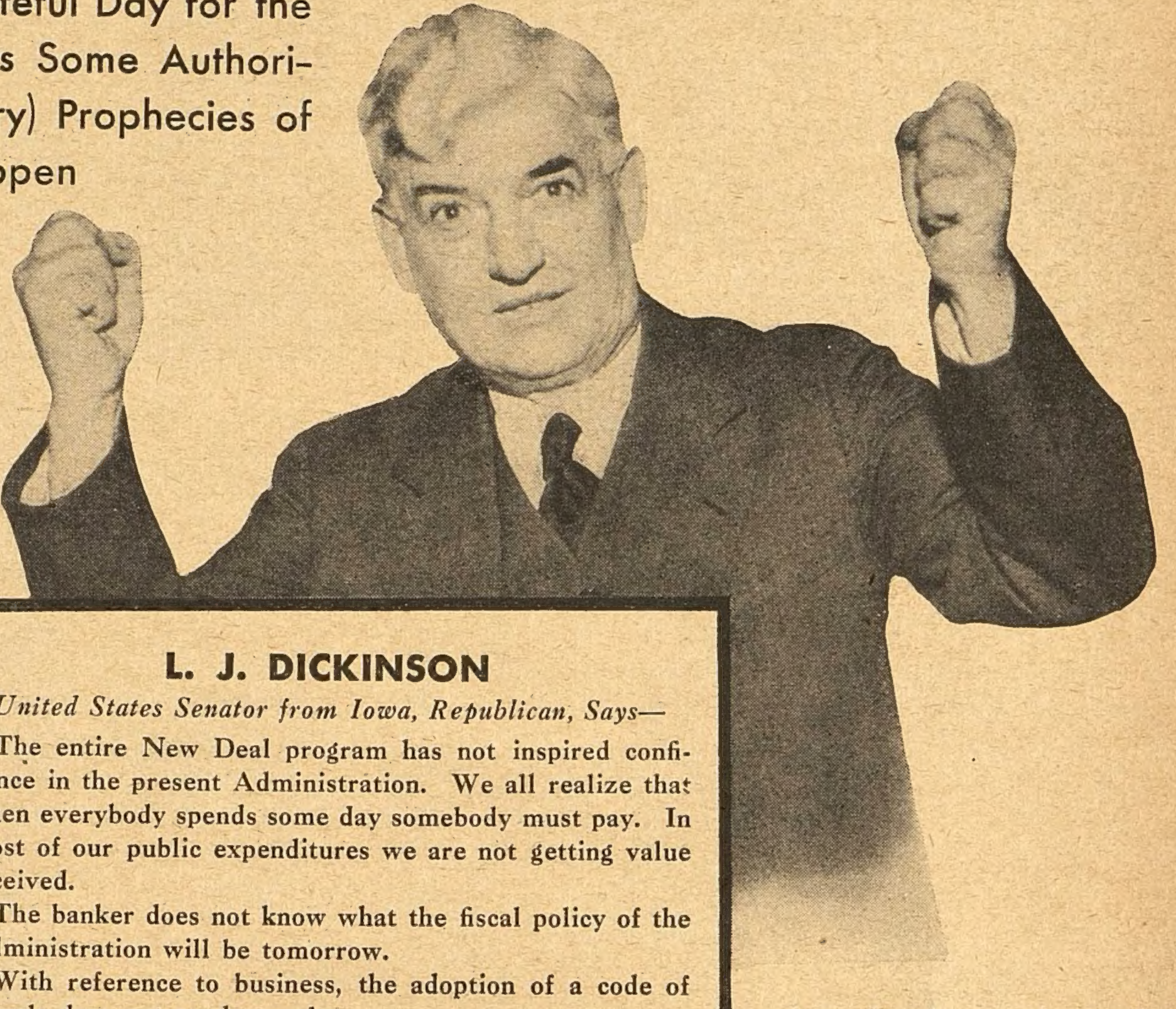
The country is making progress towards recovery. The President's program under laws already passed will be seriously debated but nobody wants to go back to where we were. No man wants to go back to child labor or to sweatshops or to methods which would run the unemployment list up to where it was on the fourth of last March. No man wants a return to the farm prices which prevailed prior to the fourth of March.

In the two months which will lapse between the November elections and the third of January we can expect a much larger movement toward normalcy than we have had in the last two months. The codes are just commencing to operate. Much can happen in sixty days. The President's plan of purchasing gold ought to soon further increase cotton and wheat prices. There will be no serious attempt to overthrow the President's recovery plans. We are already making strides in the direction of a silver currency. This will really not be inflation. The next Congress may do something along these lines.

I see no reason why the work of Congress should not conclude very early in May. This would be a record and would be desirable.

# Raise HELL?

## January 3, 1934! It's a Fateful Day for the New Deal—Liberty Presents Some Authoritative (Though Contradictory) Prophecies of What Will Happen



watched the Republican tide setting in again in G. O. P. strongholds, and they have taken heart from the La Guardia Fusion victory and the defeat of the Administration's supposed candidate for mayor in New York City.

The Republican higher command confidently expects the Seventy-third Congress to raise hell. They point out that it is a "landslide Congress," containing many inexperienced men and men who are not sure of their reëlection. They are reckoning that the N. R. A. is widely unpopular; that the Administration has backed down on it by exempting towns of 2,500 people or less; that prices are going up faster than new purchasing power is being created; and that the Swope Plan is a symptom of the administration's desire to pass the buck back to Big Business. They point out that there is a wider gap now between farm income and farm expenses than last May, and that the farmer cannot be appeased. They can quote official statements by both the Department of Agriculture and the Federal Reserve Board to back up their opinions.

Therefore the Republicans look forward to a knock-down-and-drag-out fight in Congress on the subject of inflation, in which both parties will be split into conservative and radical wings, with the conservatives of both joining hands against the radicals, and the Administration joining the radical camp. They also see Congress as a whole preparing to take away from rather than add to President Roosevelt's "dictatorial" power.

THE Democratic Party managers profess to believe that everything will run smoothly, bar a little shouting and hollering. But, behind the scenes, they admit that the Administration is in for a fight; that Roosevelt's political "honeymoon" is over. They look forward to a big fight on the patronage angle of the Public Works Administration. Congressmen expected

### L. J. DICKINSON

*United States Senator from Iowa, Republican, Says—*

The entire New Deal program has not inspired confidence in the present Administration. We all realize that when everybody spends some day somebody must pay. In most of our public expenditures we are not getting value received.

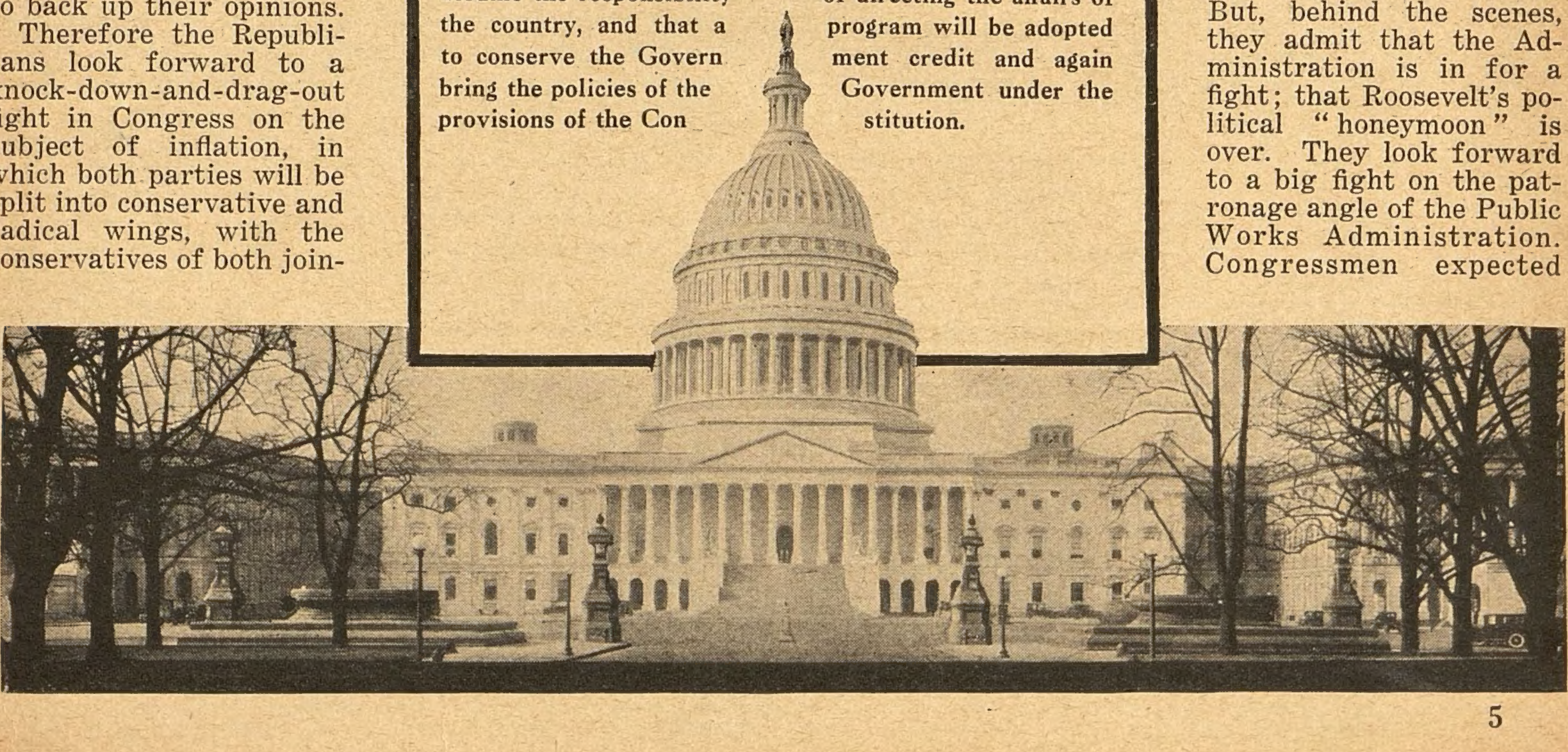
The banker does not know what the fiscal policy of the Administration will be tomorrow.

With reference to business, the adoption of a code of morals does not produce sales.

With reference to the farmer, a new lesson in pig logarithms does not decrease hog production.

Most of the present New Deal program is purely ballyhoo, without benefits, for which future generations must pay. With big business relieved of the provisions of the anti-trust law, trade combinations are forcing prices up on the consumer and earning a livelihood becomes more difficult. The Government should never be a party to putting a premium on idleness nor should it take an active part in reducing food production when people are hungry.

It is my hope that when Congress convenes the legislative branch of the Government will again assert itself and assume the responsibility of directing the affairs of the country, and that a program will be adopted to conserve the Government credit and again bring the policies of the Government under the provisions of the Constitution.



public works to blossom into marble post offices for Hicks Corners and Dempseyville, and to lay down concrete highways to link up Wappagoomsic and Smithtown, so they voted eagerly for the Administration's $3,300,000,000 fund. They didn't get what they wanted and they are sore.

The Democrats further admit that the farm problem is going to cause trouble. They are beginning to doubt that the farmers will ever be satisfied or that anything effective can be done to save the commercial ones—and the agricultural West and South is the backbone of the Democratic Party. The N. R. A., on the other hand, they do not expect to raise much of a ruckus.

Every congressman and one third of the senators come up for reëlection in 1934. In times like these no one is sure of his majority. Plenty of New Deal Democrats are going to be licked as a matter of course. The Democrats expect the farm representatives to be decidedly obstreperous on the subject of inflation and they know that they can no longer count on Republican support to pass measures for the general good of the country. However, they expect the Administration to keep control of Congress, and, with the support of organized labor, to keep the N. R. A. from becoming the private property of Big Business.

The average man is likely to agree with one of the minor members of the Brain Trust, who said: "When Congress does meet, everybody west of the Mississippi River will come to Washington and say, 'Cancel our debts!' and everybody east of it will come and say, 'Give us sound money!' The Administration will either give them sound money and pretend it is canceling their debts, or will cancel their debts and pretend it is giving them sound money!"

The plain fact seems to be that everybody in the country is busy counting New Deal chickens and doesn't like the score. President Roosevelt's popularity is boundless, but for the first time since March 4, criticism of his policies has become good politics. N. R. A., which is really a technique for controlling industry rather than a measure of national recovery, is not working well. The Administration seems to be preparing to scrap it, or to clip the Blue Eagle's wings, paving the way for fresh labor troubles and and fresh industrial problems. The fact that N. R. A. already has been converted into one thing for the city man and another for the farmer marks it as somewhat like prohibition—a great social experiment noble in motive but not national in scope. With Hearst attacking it and with chiselers and price-jumpers gypping the consumer, and with the back-down to Henry Ford, there aren't many tail feathers left in the bird and it is preparing to go into hibernation.

GOVERNMENT investigators who left Washington for the Dakotas under the impression that the farm strike was only the result of agitators have reported back that conditions are too horrible to put on paper. The A. A. A. is also a technique for regulating agriculture rather than for improving the lot of the individual commercial farmer. It has not helped the farmer get more for what he grows; he is getting less. The processing taxes and the N. R. A. costs have actually driven a further wedge between the farm and the city.

And last of all, the whole money system of the country is virtually paralyzed. The Public Works Administration enjoys what amounts to a monopoly of fresh industrial capital. Under the Glass-Steagall Act the banks are afraid to lend to private borrowers, lest they cease to be liquid. Private mortgage holders and mortgage companies are refusing to accept Home Loan Bonds and are afraid to invest their own reserves in the face of nationwide resistance to foreclosure. Investment bankers are afraid to float new companies lest they run foul of the Securities Act, and private investors are afraid to put their money into commercial enterprises lest the loud inflationists get their way. The Administration's bold defiance of the international bankers and the European banks of issue has angered Wall Street, and the people have, as yet, not understood "when, as, and if" the new "commodity dollar" is going to be issued.

This is the situation against which Congress is prepared to protest. The debtor-farmer states of the West and South control sixty out of ninety-six seats in the Senate, and 191 out of 435 in the House of Representatives. The creditor-industrial states of the East control a quarter of the Senate and over a third of the House. The fifty-fifty states of the Middle West—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin—control the balance of power in the House.

Normally, party discipline would be enough to keep Congress in line against mad-dog inflationists or political opportunists. But this Congress won't act along party lines. There will appear in shadowy outline the future political line-up of America.

The currency issue already has been recognized as the greatest single point of attack and defense in the coming session of Congress. Senator Barbour of New Jersey is calling attention to "the tragic misery which inflation has inflicted on the people of various nations," and asserting that "if the rank and file of American citizens, having little or no knowledge of the intricacies of finance, were cognizant of the danger which inflation holds it would be shouted down overnight."

ON the other hand, Senator Pittman says, "I am satisfied that two thirds of the next Congress will strongly favor reflation not only of credits but of circulating media. If expansion of credit followed by use of deposits in commercial transactions has not occurred by that time, Congress will demand that expansion be accomplished through placing currency directly in the hands of the people through government issue and expenditure. Whether this expansion shall come through currency issues based upon gold and silver or simply upon credit of the government will depend largely upon the position taken by the so-called conservatives. If they attempt reactionary tactics then no one can prophesy the extent to which Congress, harassed by a long-suffering constituency, may go."

Our only insurance against a particularly disastrous form of political controversy is President Roosevelt himself, who selects the psychological moment for action with such skill that his policies seem miraculous. The most incalculable element in the Washington set-up is his enormous popularity with all elements of the country. Floor Leader Byrns is quite right to warn the Republicans that the next session of Congress "will certainly not be the time for the display of partisan politics, and those who may seek to arouse partisanship in the consideration of the vital problems which will be up for discussion will be rebuked by the people."

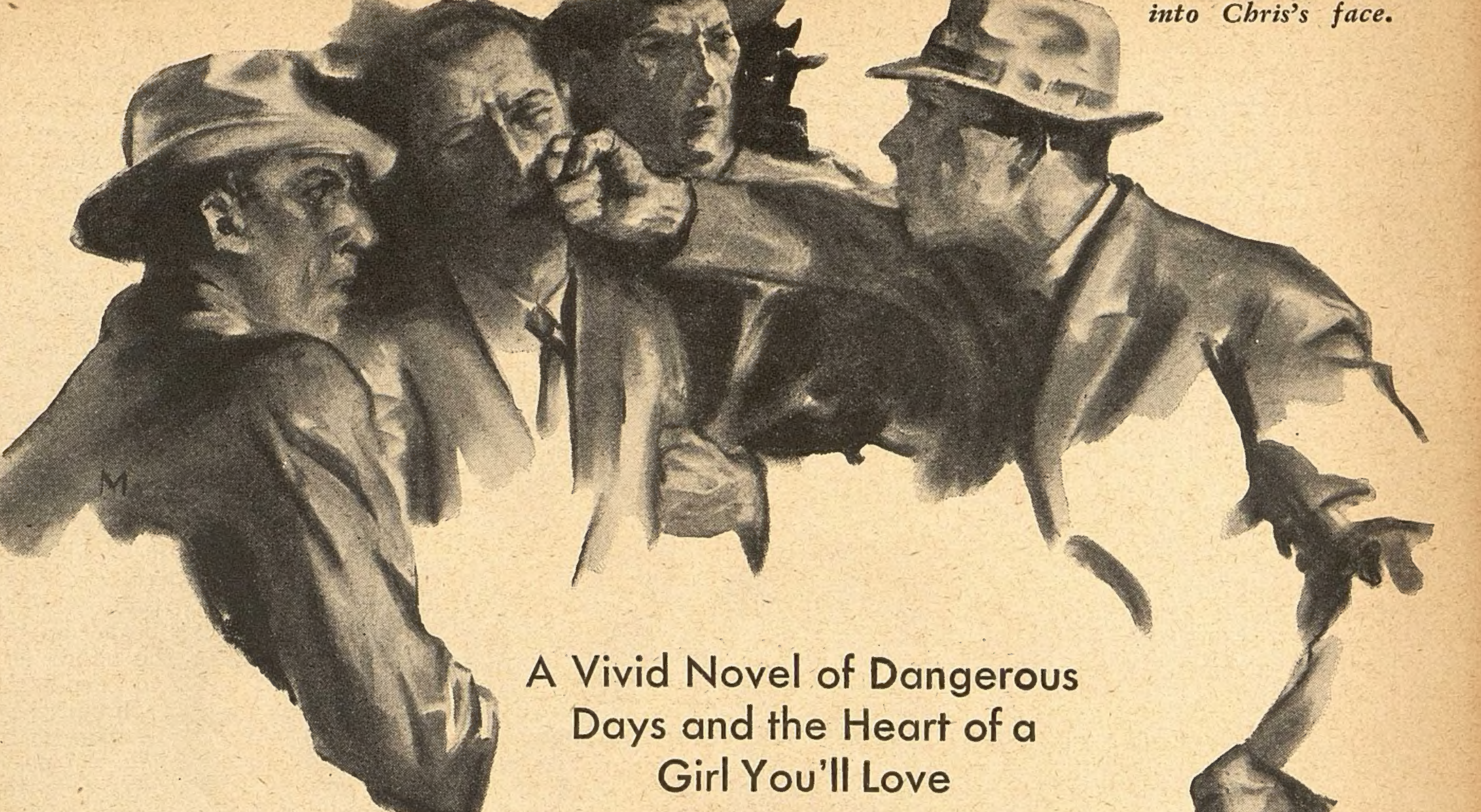
Most independent observers will agree that Roosevelt's political future lies along progressive lines. The Fusion victory in New York City is regarded as a good straw vote on whether the American people are prepared to seek reform inside the old parties or whether a new party composed of Liberal Democrats and Progressive Republicans under Presidential leadership is the answer. Certainly the American people are moving fast in the direction of liberalism. Those behind the scenes in Washington agree that La Guardia's victory in New York is a signal to Washington that the road to the left is the right course to follow.

As the popular demand for action mounted, Roosevelt prepared his answers to the people who want action and to the restive congressmen. Few people know what that action will be or will understand it when it comes. A new tax bill, a new banking measure, amendments in N. R. A. and A. A. A., credit reforms—they will be startling but they will not give the answer away. If you want to know the answer, look at the country, see what the people need, and rest assured that they will get it. For Roosevelt is moving toward the left in politics, just as fast as the country will move with him. The one thing that is sure in American politics is that the leader of the New Deal will not and cannot become reactionary; he must avoid what the country regards as radicalism, but he must be a liberal.

That is why the progressives and liberals of all parties and no parties may find on January 3 that a Congress which came to scoff at the New Deal will remain to work and pray for its further success.

THE END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
STOCKTON MULFORD



*Matthew Baxter uttered an epithet and smashed his fist into Chris's face.*

A Vivid Novel of Dangerous Days and the Heart of a Girl You'll Love

# Transient Lady

(*Reading time: 29 minutes 11 seconds.*)

NICK KILEY with his employees, Dale Cameron and Chris Blake, come to the Southern city of Karnak to open a skating rink. Carey Marshal, a young attorney, arranges the lease of an old warehouse to be used as the rink by the Kiley troupe. Marshal is attracted by beautiful Dale Cameron and finds her a boarding place with the Branham "girls," two elderly ladies who keep a tea room.

Fred Baxter, wastrel young brother of Wade Hampton Baxter, political boss of the district, tries to make advances to Dale. The girl repulses him and he vows revenge. On a gala night at the rink Fred Baxter and a gang of young toughs like himself invade the rink and break up the festivities. Kiley and Chris Blake eject the boys, but the decent people all leave in fear of a row. Chris walks home with Dale to protect her and then goes for a solitary walk in the moonlight. In the meantime Fred Baxter and his friends descend on the rink to punish "that Yankee" Kiley for interfering with them. The boys batter in the door. Kiley warns them and then fires his revolver at the mob.

## PART TWO—THE MOB DEMANDS A VICTIM

THE tall figure stopped. In the moonlight Fred Baxter's face contorted, then assumed an expression of surprise. Fred Baxter's body shrank. It shrank slowly, curling up; then it pitched forward.

"Oh, my God!" It was one of the other young men. "He's murdered Hamp Baxter's brother!"

This young man uttered a howl. He turned and fled through the old cornfield back of the skating rink. Panic gripped the others. They followed—swiftly.

Nick Kiley was alone with Fred Baxter.

A horrid fear came to Nick. He had lived a hard life, an adventurous life. But he had never seen a man killed. Now he himself had killed one.

Humane instinct caused him to drop to his knees beside the body. He forced himself to feel the heart, the pulse. There was no throb beneath his fingers, no faintest sign of life.

Nick had been trained in a school of emergency. His brain was like a steel trap. He had the faculty of thinking beyond the immaterial, of seeing facts.

He was an outlander; he had heard himself characterized as a damned Yankee. He knew approximately what that meant: He—an intruder, a professional showman—had killed a native of this self-sufficient little town.

He had read of Southern mobs, of Southern lynchings. It mattered very little whether his conception was exaggerated; the important fact was that he believed, and was terrified. The town brooded in the night, deathly quiet. It seemed grim and forbidding. The very silence was ghastly, promising disaster. The body at his feet, the five young men who had gone howling into town. He knew that the mob would soon be yelping at his heels.

He worked with swift efficiency. He dressed. He put the cash receipts of the evening into his pocket. He

### By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

threw a few clothes into an old suitcase, snapped it shut, and ran to the old woodshed which did duty as a garage for his truck. He backed the truck into the yard, spun the wheel, headed north—and stepped on the accelerator.

Even before he reached the broad concrete highway his keen brain had solved details of escape.

He sped into the night, pressing his truck to maximum speed. He knew where he was going and what he intended to do. There was a town not far ahead, and a northbound train was due there at about the time he would reach it. He planned to park his car in the woods outside that town, to walk the tracks to the station, and board the train there. He would pay his fare to a distant city, but would leave the train before reaching that city. He planned to leave the train unobtrusively at a nearer town and there catch a bus for an entirely different point. From that city he would leave by another train. He knew he was safe unless the alarm was telegraphed immediately.

AND at that moment Chris was emerging from his long walk in Four Holes Swamp.

The boy walked slowly along the railroad toward the two rooms of the skating rink which he temporarily called home. In the vastness of the night he seemed smaller than he was. He walked with hands swinging loosely, head slightly bent, the faintest touch of a smile on his lips. He was thinking great things—as Youth is privileged to do: he envisioned great barriers crumbling before the touch of accomplishment.

Without qualm or premonition, Chris circled the old warehouse. He felt for his key. Then he stopped, a tiny frown corrugating his forehead.

The door was open. Wide open. It was then he saw that the hinges had been broken, that the door had been forced in. He saw an ugly heap on the floor. His mind—vibrant to danger—flashed back to the unpleasant episode in the rink. He stepped closer, saw that the black heap was a human body. He spoke aloud, chokingly:

“ They got Nick! ”

He ran forward then and stooped over the body. When he straightened there was an expression of bewilderment, of horror on his face—and blood on his right hand.

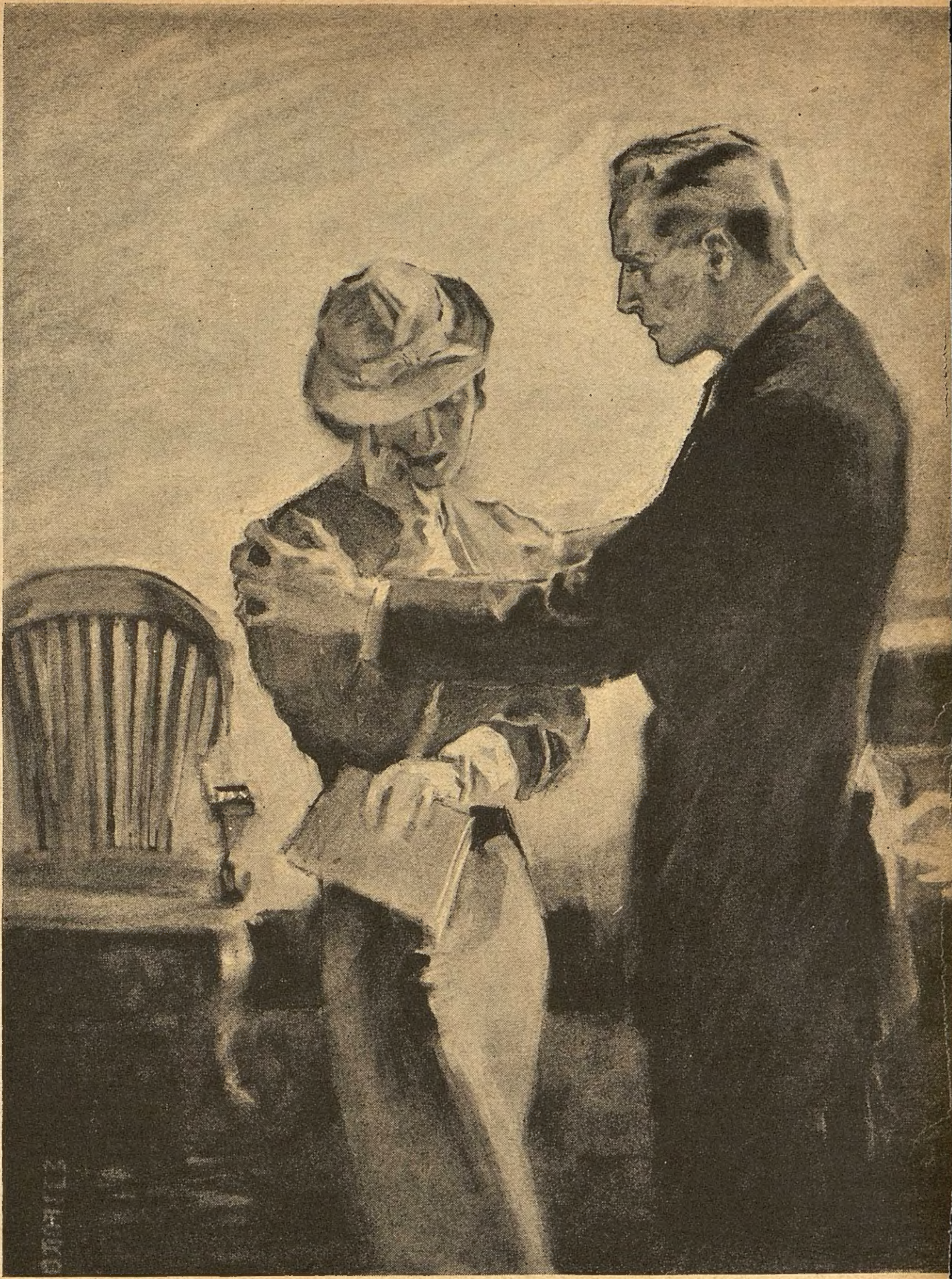
“ It's that feller Baxter! ”

Chris felt suddenly sick. His stomach was crawling, for he was young, and death is a horrible thing.

The story was plain. They had broken down the door. Nick had fired in self-defense. The garage was empty. Nick had gone. The loneliness of it terrified Chris. Just himself—and the body grinning at the moon. He wished somebody would come.

The three Baxters and two Gorings had fled from the scene of the shooting. They ran toward the lights of the town. They were sober now—horribly sober. They wanted to tell somebody; to find any one who would listen.

Constable Mark Baxter was still lounging against the corner of the Bon Marché Store on Court House Square when they found him. They all jabbered at once—words—words—and out of the verbal welter Mark Baxter learned that Nick Kiley had murdered Fred Baxter.



*Carey stepped forward quickly and caught her by the shoulders—soft, warm shoulders which quivered.*

“ Shot him down in cold blood! ”

The worthy constable, first cousin of Hamp Baxter, was trembling. No assassination of royalty could have disturbed a courtier more. His lethargic brain was unable to cope with the fact. But eventually he commenced to think.

“ Nick Kiley done it? ”

“ Yes—he did! We all seen him! Just shot Fred down—”

“ You told me that once. Where's Kiley now? ”

“ He's at the rink. He's got a gun.”

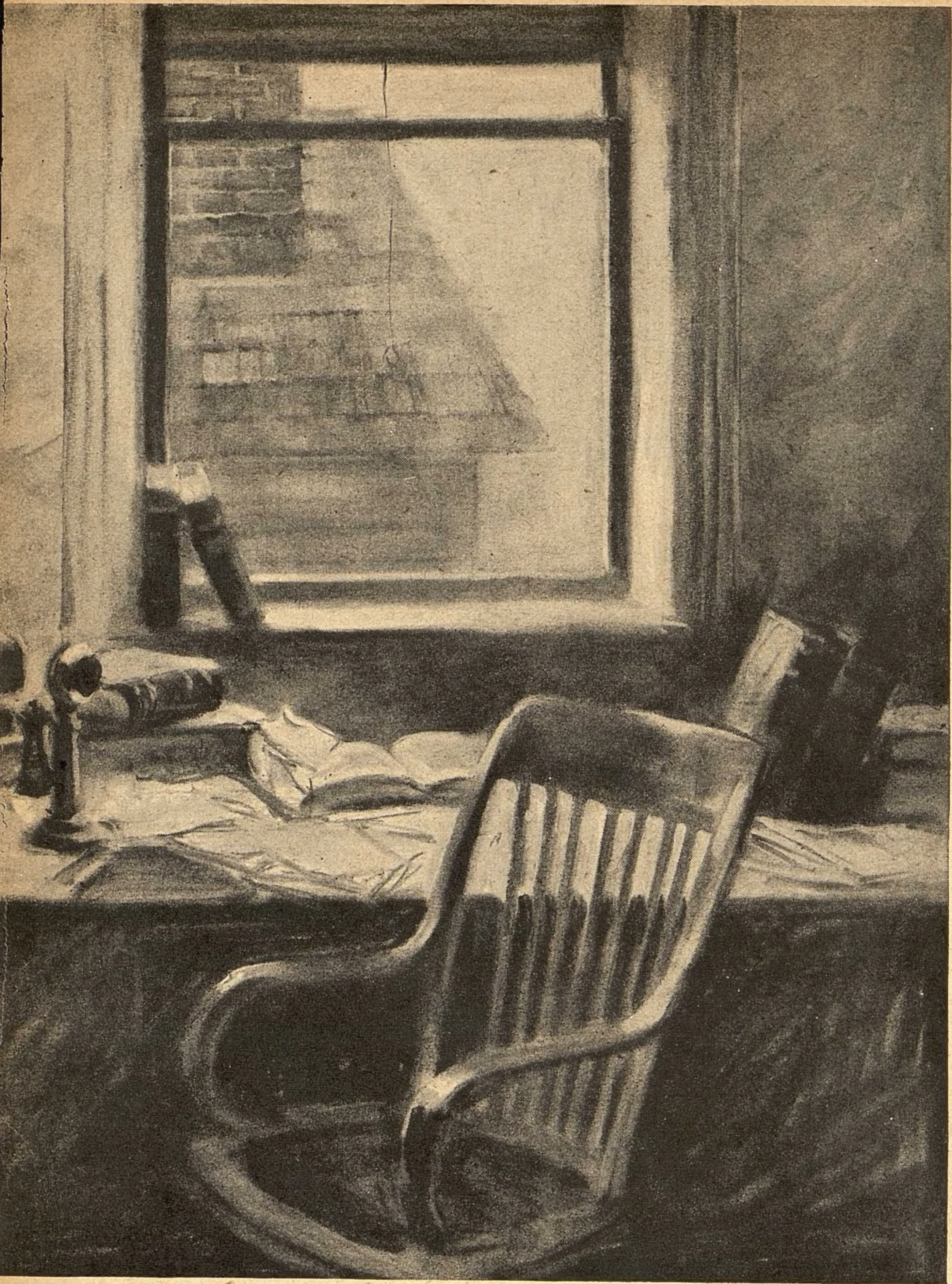
Constable Baxter frowned. “ To hell with his gun,” he growled. “ Let's go get him.”

The Baxters, as a whole, were not cowardly. There was no hesitancy. They moved across the square toward the railroad.

“ You've got a gun, haven't you, Mark? ”

“ Yeh.” The big broad-shouldered man inspected his weapon. “ One shell's been fired, but the hammer ain't a-goin' to hit the empty.”

Young Matthew Baxter shivered slightly. Mark had been sort of sinister, the way he said that. But he



had given Matthew fresh courage, and the young man stepped abreast of his constable cousin.

"You a-fixin' to kill him, Mark?"

Mark spoke grimly. "I'm bringin' him in. It don't differ to me is he standin' up or lyin' down."

THEY walked down Railroad Avenue and circled the section house next door to the Monarch Skating Palace. Constable Mark Baxter was unafraid; foolhardy even. Holding his gun in readiness, he stepped into the moonlight, in plain view of the broken door.

"Nick Kiley," he called, "you come out—an' come with yo' hands high!"

But Nick Kiley did not answer. Instead there came a boyish voice, the voice of a lad who was frightened.

"Kiley isn't here. This is Blake."

"Well, you come then—an' come like I told you."

Chris emerged, hands above his head. He walked three steps into the yard and stood motionless. He nodded toward the shape on the floor. "He's right there."

"Who is?"

"Young Baxter. He's dead."

"Where's Kiley?"

"I don't know—honest, I don't."

"I'll find out." Mark directed the others: "You-all hold this feller while I find Kiley."

The other five came around the corner of the warehouse and imprisoned Chris's arms. Matthew Baxter uttered an epithet and smashed his fist into Chris's face.

Constable Baxter produced his flashlight and walked into the house. Grim courage, heightened by the shock of Fred Baxter's death. He stepped over the body. Three minutes later he was back.

"Kiley ain't here. Hidin' in the swamp, I reckon."

But Milton Baxter, the youngest of the group, had seen something.

"Kiley's gone! Look yonder!"

He pointed toward the empty garage. Somebody said, "We'll tell the sheriff."

The six related gentlemen looked at one another. More important than their horror was a sense of disappointment. Matthew Baxter had an inspiration. He designated Chris.

"WE got *him*, anyway," said Matthew.

"Was he here too?" asked Mark.

"Co'se he was. He was standin' right there alongside Kiley. He had a gun, too."

Chris spoke: "That's a lie. I wasn't here, and I never had a gun in my life."

Others joined in the accusing lying chorus:

"We seen him standin' right there, Mark. He had a gun, too."

The mob spirit was rising. Cheated of their real victim, they accepted what the gods offered. They reasoned instinctively that it might just as well have been Chris as Nick.

"But I wasn't here," repeated Chris. "I was walking in the swamp."

"The damn Yankee's lyin'."

Mark Baxter spoke gruffly: "All these fellers seen you. Chances are it was your gun that killed Fred."

Matthew Baxter had been thinking. He had a shrewd, evil mind. He touched Constable Baxter on the arm and pulled him off to one side.

"Somebody's got to swing for this, Mark. See if he has a gun. If he hasn't, stick yours in his pocket and get yourself another."

Mark Baxter nodded. It was, to his way of thinking, a sane and equitable procedure.

Constable Baxter edged into the group holding Chris. Gently he placed his gun in Chris's pocket.

Then, before Chris could say anything, Mark withdrew it and held it aloft triumphantly.

"I reckon this settles it," he exulted. "Look at the gun I just found in Blake's pocket!"

When—early the following morning—Karnak heard that Fred Baxter had been killed, it asked, "What will Hamp Baxter do?" It said, "Poor Chris Blake. Nice boy he was."

This was no mere morsel of gossip; it was a full, rich conversational dinner. Average citizens, startled out of their chronic inertia by the shock of the occurrence, remembered suddenly that they were friends of Hamp Baxter and drove out to the lonely house on the Catbill River to extend their condolences. Before noon these visitors were back.

"Hamp Baxter is like a crazy man," they said. "He's jest a-settin' there with Fred's body and not speakin' to no one. But the look in his eyes when he tosses his hair back—you know: like when he gits mad in co't."

There was lots of other talk, too. Nick Kiley's escape was discussed *ad nauseam,* and there was considerable debate as to what penalty Constable Mark Baxter would be called upon to pay for not thinking of telephoning to other towns and counties before it was too late.

Privately—and in discreet whispers—it was generally agreed that Fred Baxter and his worthless cohorts had invited the tragedy, but even that did not alter the fact that an outsider had killed Hamp Baxter's brother.

And no one doubted that Chris Blake had been present. Hadn't they found the gun right in his pocket—

Miss Mathilda Branham personally conducted Dale Cameron to the county jail which occupied most of the basement of the Court House.

DESPITE the fact that Dale had been in Karnak for more than five weeks, the citizens this morning looked upon her with freshened interest. Until yesterday they had been inclined to take her for granted, to make for her a place among themselves. But now things were different. She was once again an outsider, a carnival girl, a transient lady.

Angel Verner, sheriff of Karnak County, was at the jail, personally supervising Chris Blake's captivity. He greeted Dale with small show of civility, but was quite positive that she could not see Chris. "Got to wait until I hear from Hamp," was Mr. Verner's decision.

Miss Mathilda placed her long bony figure in front of the sheriff.

"Angel Verner," she snapped, "you're just talking like an idiot. This poor young man has a right to talk to anybody he wants. You let Miss Cameron see him right this minute."

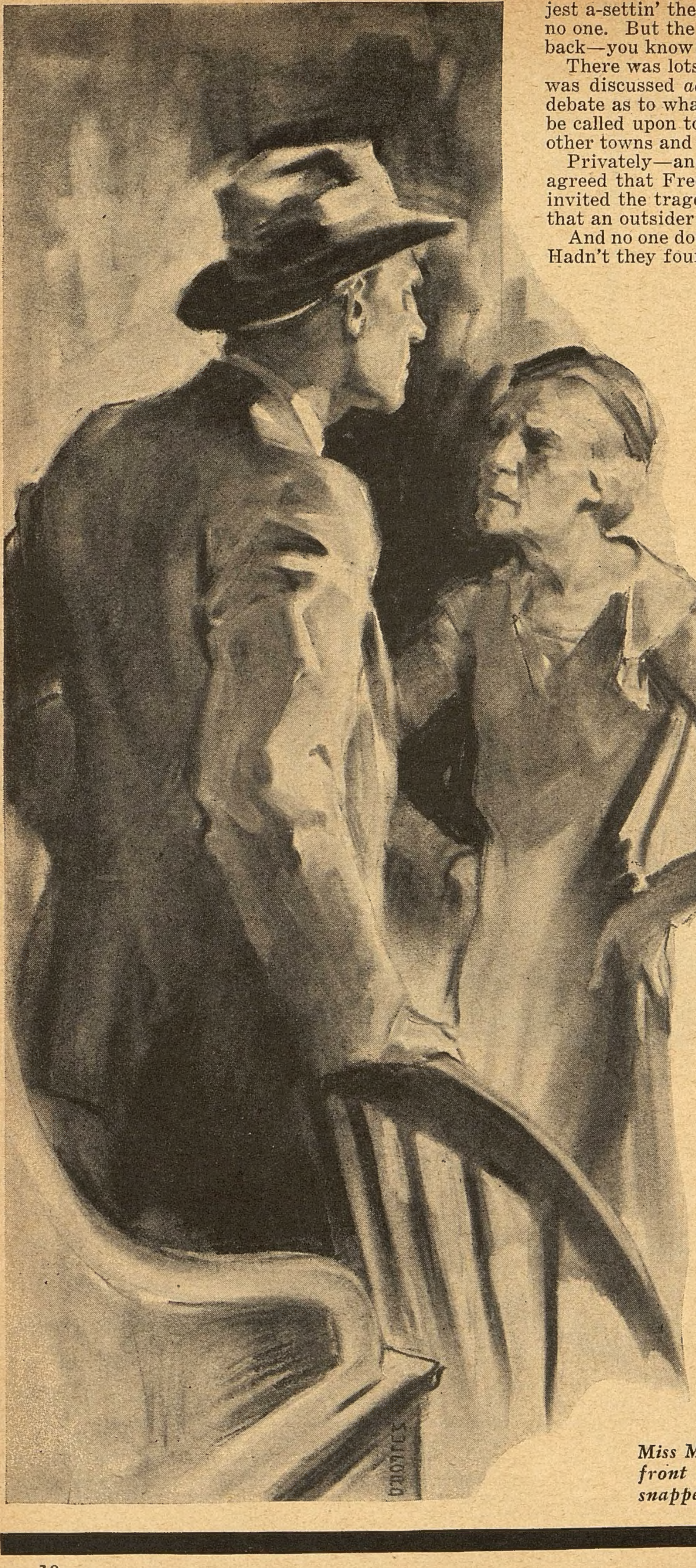
Sheriff Verner demurred, but with diminishing vigor. After all, he had not received direct orders and Miss Mathilda was a fearsome person. He granted Dale a ten-minute interview.

Dale returned from that interview with lips pressed tight and the color gone from her cheeks. She walked across the square with Miss Mathilda, scarcely knowing where she was or whither she was going.

Miss Mathilda tried to rouse her, but the kindly woman knew that her questions were not being heard.

"Miss Mathilda, it was awful!"

"Of course it was, dear. But I have a splendid idea. You come straight across to the tea room with me and have a real good cry."



*Miss Mathilda placed her long bony figure in front of the sheriff. "Angel Verner," she snapped, "you're just talking like an idiot."*

The girl shook her head. "No, no; I can't even cry."

They stood motionless, facing each other, while the good folk of Karnak stared and gossiped. Then Dale spoke again: "Will you answer one question truthfully?"

"Hmph! Of course I will. Speaking the truth is one of my worst vices."

"Well—it's this: Chris is innocent. He wasn't even there when it happened. But those other five boys say he was. What I'm asking is this: Has Chris got a chance?"

Miss Mathilda did not speak the truth as readily as she thought. She wanted to spare the stricken girl. But: "Now, Dale—don't you start carrying on."

"I'm not going to carry on, as you call it. Has Chris got a chance?"

"No," answered Miss Mathilda, "he hasn't. Nobody has a chance who kills Hamp Baxter's brother."

"Not any sort of a chance? Legally, I mean."

"I'm sorry, child; but you don't quite understand this town. Hamp Baxter is a pretty powerful person, and there isn't anybody with enough courage to fight him. The man who defends Chris is going to become Hamp's personal enemy—and nobody is seeking that."

Dale turned away. "Thanks, Miss Mathilda; thanks a lot for being so honest."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to see Carey Marshal," she said. "I've got to see Mr. Marshal! I've *got* to!"

"But why, Dale? What makes you think you can get him to mess himself up in this kind of a case?"

Dale Cameron's eyes were level, her voice was calm. She stated a fact:

"I might get him to take the case, Miss Mathilda—because he's a gentleman."

"Well, my goodness—" started Miss Mathilda. But Dale did not hear the end of the remark. She was crossing the square, headed for the McDonald Block.

CAREY MARSHAL was alone when she arrived. He was leaning back in his swivel chair, staring down into West Street. He had loosened his tie and unbuttoned the collar of his immaculate shirt. The long fingers of his right hand clasped the bowl of an unlighted pipe.

He turned as she entered, and was on his feet in an instant. He came toward her and took a cold hand in his. His gray eyes were kindly, his manner friendly.

"I'm awfully sorry, Dale," he said, "about last night."

"Yes—" She was conscripting all her courage. "I knew you would be."

He held a chair for her. "Sit down, please."

But she did not immediately accept his invitation.

She was beginning to realize that she was a person beyond the pale, a lonely and friendless stranger. She nerved herself to ask a stupendous favor of this man whom she scarcely knew.

Carey did not interrupt her reverie. He was regarding her with interest.

She had dressed quickly after the first horrid shock of the news; but as always she looked neat and attractive. She was wearing a dark blue crêpe shot through with tiny streaks of white.

But his glance of admiration was only fleeting, casual. It was her eyes which held him. They were deeper than he had ever seen them, and the laughter was gone. She spoke then—spoke in a voice so low he could scarcely hear. She said, "I have come to you for help."

He nodded gravely. "Yes?"

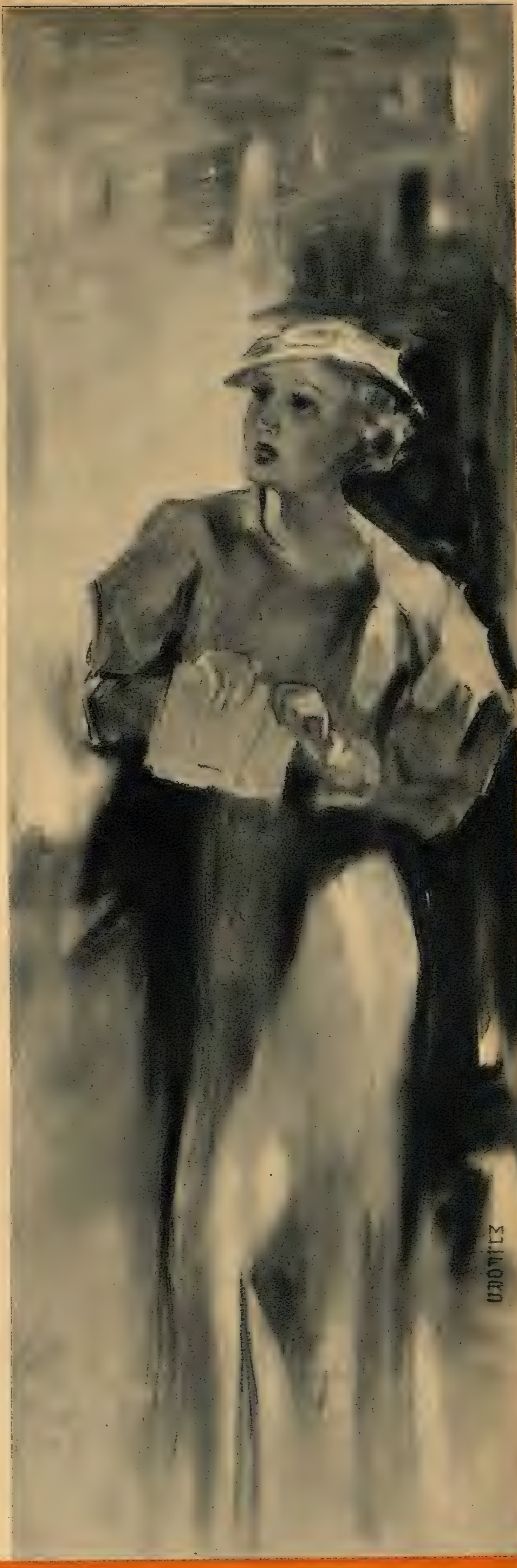
"I have seen Chris. He has heard people talking. Miss Mathilda has talked to me. I've seen the looks on folks' faces. They—they'll convict Chris, won't they?"

He answered, simply, "Yes."

"Why? If he is innocent?"

"Because Fred was Hamp Baxter's brother; that's why."

She looked up at him. "Chris told me his story. He wasn't there. He didn't know it had happened until he got home. He stumbled across the body. Nick had already gone. They came back—with the constable—



and found him. They planted the gun in his pocket. He told me that story, Mr. Marshal—and I believe him. Do you?"

"Yes," said Carey Marshal, "I do."

"Yet you say he hasn't a chance?"

"Hamp Baxter's brother is dead."

"They'll convict Chris? They'll hang him?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Good God! That's murder!"

"Yes, Dale—it's murder. Legal murder. But there's nothing anybody can do about it."

For a moment she said nothing. Then she leaned forward suddenly.

"*You* could save him, Mr. Marshal. Oh, I know how your family feels about getting mixed up in this sort of thing. Miss Mathilda explained that to me. She's told me all about your blue blood and all that—but, Mr. Marshal, you can't stand by and see an innocent boy murdered! You've got a duty—as a citizen and a gentleman."

Carey was vaguely disturbed. He shook his head and gripped the bowl of his pipe more tightly. "I'm afraid this will be a pretty nasty case, Dale."

Her voice was more gentle. "I don't know awfully much about such things," she said, "but didn't you take some sort of an oath once about seeing that justice was done? Wasn't that part of the reason the state gave you permission to practice law? Aren't you different from these men who measure their cases only by convenience and money? I— Oh, please forgive me! I'm impertinent. I have no right to talk that way—when I'm asking a favor."

He was staring at her. "You're asking a lot," he said.

"I know I am. I'm asking more than you think. I can't even pay you—though I'll try. The Branhams have told me I can work in their tea room as cashier. They're not afraid of Hamp Baxter—or of anybody else. And they're just two old ladies."

Carey Marshal threw back his head and laughed suddenly, though without mirth.

"I am rather a coward, Dale. I really am."

"I don't believe it."

"Thank you, then—for not believing it. You see, it isn't exactly physical cowardice. But I shrank from the thought of becoming involved with certain factions in this town. It's never very pleasant so I was cowardly, you see."

She breathed sharply. "You said *was*. Do you mean—"

"I'll try to redeem myself. I'll defend your Chris."

Her eyes filled with tears and her body sagged. Carey stepped forward quickly and caught her by the shoulders—soft, warm shoulders which quivered. For the first time Dale Cameron wept, softly and terribly.

After a few minutes Carey Marshal spoke again:

"There are two things I must do. One is to consult my father—though that can wait."

"And the other?"

He looked serious. "I'll attend to the other now."

SHE went with him to the Court House. There was a fresh, excited hum of comment as they crossed the square together. Carey beckoned the sheriff to him.

"Angel Verner," he said crisply, "you're Hamp Baxter's first cousin, aren't you?"

Mr. Baxter nodded heavily. "One degree removed," he amended.

"Very well. I've come to serve a notice and a warning. The notice is that I am representing Chris Blake."

"Hmmmm! Tarnation silly, I call it. And the warning, Carey?"

"The warning is this: You are the sheriff of this county. I'm warning you not to let Chris fall into the hands of any lynching mob. That's all!"

Carey Marshal turned and walked away. . . .

Pineville resents the insinuation that it is a suburb of Karnak. In the first place, there is the logical contention that Karnak isn't large enough to possess a suburb; and in the second place, Pineville stands socially aloof, quietly superior.

To reach Pineville you drive out the Pineville Road from Karnak and if it is Saturday afternoon you seek to avoid the traffic congestion on Court House Square. Weekly the square is jammed with farmer folk in town for their Saturday shopping, sight-seeing, and merrymaking. Individuals, couples, and entire families descend upon Karnak by automobile, truck, horse and wagon, and—on rare occasions—via oxcart.

But in Pineville there is never any commercial excitement. Situated atop a pine-clad hill, it has a population of less than one hundred; but those one hundred are the best—socially—in Karnak County.

Residents of Pineville are not snobbish. Families such as the St. Juliens, the Lazenbys, the Marshals, and the Gordons do not have to be snobbish. There is no necessity. The average Karnakian, including members of the politically powerful Baxter and Crawford clans, recognize the cultural differences.

The Marshal home sits back from the road on the right as you drive in from Karnak, partly concealed by a grove of tall pines and by magnificent oaks and cedars, catalpa and mimosa, magnolia and fountain willows, umbrella Chinas and myrtles.

The veranda is broad and long. Its Doric columns rise two stories to meet the sloping roof, and the rest of the house is simple in a fine pure Colonial style.

IN this great house had been born generations of Marshals; from this house their menfolk had gone adventuring—to war, to distant colleges, to foreign lands.

Back of the house was a sharp declivity, and below it the land flattened out again, giving access to a grove of live oaks—venerable trees festooned with Spanish moss.

Back of the grove was the plantation itself: hundreds of rich, fertile acres yielding rich crops of corn and cotton and truck.

The old slavery-time plantation cabins were there, and the overseer's house, and among the blacks there was the same inordinate pride of family which existed in the Big House.

The Big House had known happiness and grief, gayety and tragedy; it had celebrated weddings and seen funerals. Its walls were wealthy with memories; there was an inescapable atmosphere of all that is right and proper and fine. But tonight, the two house servants: Vishy, ebony and tiny, and his amazonian spouse, Clematis, trod softly as they cleared away the dishes.

"The majuh," commented Vishy, "an' Marse Carey, they sho' is talkin' se'ious, ain't they, Clematis?"

"Mmm-hmmmm! Tha's the one thing they ain't doin' nothin' else but. All evenin' they been eyin' each yuther kind of peculious."

"Ain't seen nothin' like it in yeahs. Not sence Mis' Agatha passed on."

Clematis paused to wipe away a tear in tribute to the departed mistress of the Marshal home. "How come you always bring Mis' Agatha into things, Vishy? Honest to gosh, you ain't got a lick of sense."

"I got sense enough to know is the majuh happy or either sad." Vishy's infinitesimal face became contorted with curiosity. "What you reckon they discusses so constant, Clematis?"

"How come I should know?"

"Well, you always ack like you know ev'ything."

"I know you never talk nothin' but foolishment, tha's what I know. Now git out of heah, an' keep yo' mind on where it's s'posed to be."

But despite Clematis's assumption of virtue, she made one last futile attempt to hear what was being said in the great oak-paneled library. She heard only the steady flow of Carey Marshal's voice. "Golla!" mused the dark lady. "Sounds like he was makin' a speech."

And Carey *was* making a speech. He stood with one elbow on the mantel, holding an unlighted pipe by the juncture of bowl and stem. His boyish clean-cut face was alight with the fire of enthusiasm; his words came gently but persuasively. In the big leather chair sat Major David Marshal, keen gray eyes focused on the face of his son; stalwart figure comfortably relaxed; the lines at the corners of his mouth deeper than usual.

And finally Carey paused. He reached for a match, as though to light his pipe, changed his mind, and then made a brief significant gesture with his right hand.

"I took the case, dad. There didn't seem to be any other decent thing to do."

The major's face was grave. He spoke gently, choosing his words with care. He said, "I'm not criticizing you, son, understand that. But do you mind if I ask a question or two?"

"Of course not. I want your advice."

"Hmmm. You're twenty-seven, Carey. From the time you were fifteen until three years ago you were off at school."

"Surely. But I don't see—"

"I'm coming to that. What I'm driving at is that you've been out of touch with Karnak. You've sort of forgotten what's beneath the surface here."

"As for instance?"

"Conditions have changed. We old-timers up here in Pineville don't wield the influence we used to."

The old man sat up straighter in his chair. "There aren't but two families in Karnak which count, son. The Crawfords and the Baxters. Nobody has ever been able to find out how many of each there are. You run into fourth and fifth cousins and then get lost somewhere in Four Holes Swamp. But the point is this: That the Crawfords and the Baxters control every piece of legal machinery in this county. Everything."

"I know." Carey tried not to be impatient, but his father was explaining things he already understood. "But I don't see what that has to do with it."

"I realize you don't, son. But I do. It means, for one thing, that you can't get justice. Not when the dead man happens to be Hamp Baxter's brother."

"Hamp Baxter! He's ignorant—"

"But powerful, son, more powerful than you know. He's uneducated and uncultured, but he's a superb politician. It was under his leadership that the last warfare between the Baxters and Crawfords was settled amicably. He divides the political spoils equally between the two families. The point I'm making is this: You're attacking a position which is impregnable. Or perhaps you *don't* understand."

The boy seated himself on the edge of a chair. "Frankly, dad, I don't. We're talking now—father and son. You won't misunderstand, so—" He drew a deep breath. "There used to be a good deal of class distinction in this—and every other Southern—county. Folks like the Baxters and the Crawfords ran things so long as they ran them properly; so long as they didn't encroach on decency. When they did, folks like ourselves—and our neighbors—would intervene and take charge."

"Those days," smiled Major Marshal, "are pretty well gone, Carey. That's what I've been trying to explain. Instead of looking up to us, today they harbor a resentment. Damn' blue bloods, they say, and they don't say it pleasantly, either. We have found it more convenient to remain aloof."

Carey rose again and walked to the window. Then he turned suddenly.

"I'm going to ask you a personal question, dad."

"Fine. What is it?"

"JUST this: You resent this political control, yet you have let it be publicly understood that you are anxious to be elected circuit judge. Now—why?"

The lips of the father expanded into an amused smile. "That's not politics, son. My name is the only one which will be offered. I'm not running against anybody—and wouldn't dream of doing it."

"But I still don't understand. Suppose you're not opposed. Aren't you accepting a favor from Hamp Baxter?"

"No-o. Not exactly, son. And before you ask me why I set such store by this thing, I'll tell you." He paused briefly and then went on: "We've always had lawyers in my family. I have always tried to be a good lawyer—"

"You are the best in the state."

"Thanks, son—for the exaggeration. Anyway, I've retired from active practice. But I'm not yet sixty-one. I'm healthy and ambitious—ambitious to end my career where every ethical lawyer would like to be. I'd like to be a circuit judge. I'd like to end my career on the bench. I can afford to, and—" Major Marshal paused in sudden embarrassment. He laughed apologetically. "Foolish, isn't it?"

"And you mean that if I persist in defending Chris Blake you won't get your judgeship?"

"Probably not."

The boy's fist clenched suddenly and a hint of anger showed in his voice. "Just what other damage can this spellbinding swamp politician do?"

"A great deal, son. He can ruin your own practice, for one thing. He can also do much that I don't want to see you face if it isn't absolutely necessary. Leave me out of it. Try to realize the battle you are undertaking. The brother of the most powerful man in the county has been killed. Already the town is calling it murder. It doesn't matter whether they're technically correct or not. This man Kiley has disappeared. Young Blake has been selected as the sacrificial victim. Hamp Baxter will insist on the death sentence. Very well. You—a Marshal—take this case. You'll find yourself confronted by every extra-legal obstacle that political control and native shrewdness can conceive. You'll find yourself fighting not only Hamp Baxter and his personal fury, but also the atrocious system of controlling the selection of jurors; the bribing and lying of witnesses; adverse public sentiment; scandal—"

"Scandal? What do you mean by that, dad?"

"Just what I say. This isn't a very tolerant community, son. Miss Cameron is a most attractive young lady. Your name will be linked with hers."

"But that's outrageous!"

"A GREAT many truths are. You must consider Pat Warren too. Her name will be on these poisoned tongues too."

"I'm not engaged to Pat. And she'd be the first one to urge—"

"Of course she would. Pat is that sort of girl. But you must consider her. Whether or not you're engaged makes no difference. Your name has been coupled with hers since you were children."

"I think," said Carey evenly, "that Pat would despise me if I let that keep me from going ahead."

Major Marshal sighed. "I suppose so. But there's one other thing, Carey. Do you realize that if you enter this fight you'll be courting actual physical danger?"

The boy looked at his father. "Are you serious?"

"Of course I am."

"Oh, I don't mean about the danger, dad. I mean, are you serious about using that as an argument against my defending Chris?"

Major Marshal's cheeks flushed, but the flush was one of pleasure—and of pride. "I suppose not. I just wanted you to understand."

"I understand several things." Carey paced the room. "I understand that Dale Cameron was right. Chris Blake is about to be legally murdered. I understand that he—or any other innocent man—is entitled to legal protection; to honest, fearless counsel.

"I know that everything you have said is true. Let's sum up: I will make myself personally unpopular. I will arouse caste prejudice which you folks here in Pineville have been content to let alone. I will become involved in scandalous gossip which will connect me with Dale Cameron. I will cause embarrassment to Pat Warren. I will invite the open and personal enmity of Hamp Baxter, most powerful man in the county. I will find myself crusading against the misuse of the county's legal machinery. I will wreck your chances of achieving your one ambition, which is election to the circuit bench. I will be in serious personal danger." He drew a deep breath. "Have I stated the case correctly, dad?"

The older man nodded. "You have."

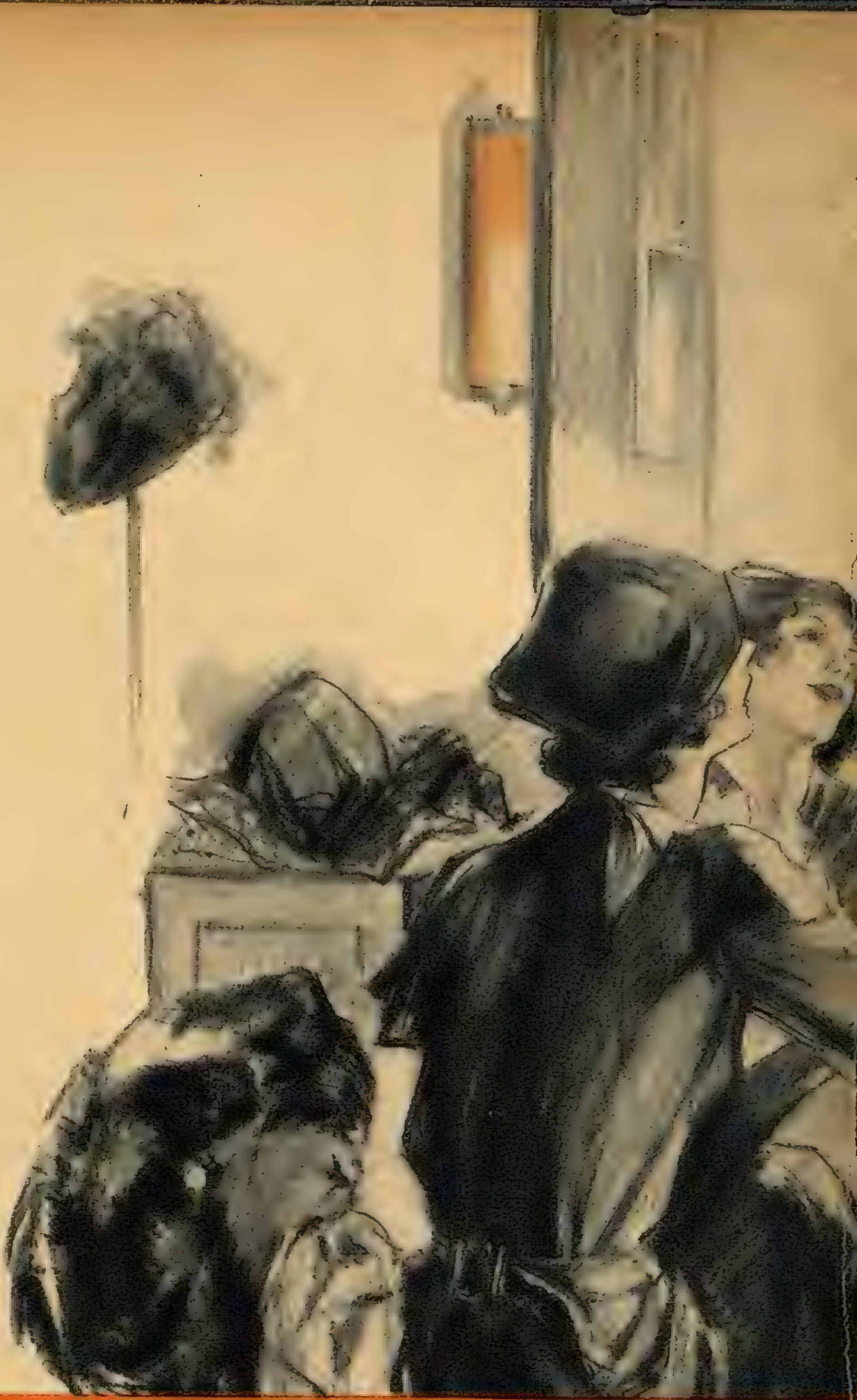
"Very well, then. Now I'm asking your advice. Shall I defend Chris Blake or shall I not?"

A gentle smile played about the lips of his father.

"Seeing that you understand the danger, son, my advice is this: Of course you will defend Chris Blake. There's nothing else you can do."

*Next week you will read how Carey Marshal faced the difficulties confronting him.*

# Parcel Check 283



### The Story of a

### By GERALD

*(Reading time: 7 minutes 45 seconds.)*

THE rumor about the Christmas bonus spread through the office like a sweet and intoxicating perfume. It was generally agreed that the bonus would be nothing less than fifty dollars. Even in 1930, the last year of such grace, it had been two hundred dollars flat for each member of the office force. Yes, fifty dollars was conservative.

Jimmy Dale hopped to the phone and called Helen. "Come on down and pick out your Christmas hat," he said with a happiness he hadn't felt in months.

After he had hung up he still felt warm inside. He had said hat right off the bat, and hat was right. He knew it was what she wanted more, for herself, than anything else in the world—just a new hat. She needed lots of other things, but what she *wanted* was a hat. He could understand it, too, after four years of marriage. Funny things, girls were. Funny, but darned swell.

Together Jimmy and Helen snatched a lunch-hour sandwich. Then they invaded Leeds' department store. Just one extravagance for each of them, they agreed; the one thing each wanted most. That would be their mutual Christmas—their first real Christmas in three years.

For Jimmy, naturally, the extravagance was a suit of clothes. His present suit was threadbare. He picked out a tweedish-looking thing. It fitted him so well and became him so well that Helen went what she called oogly-goog over it. Jimmy had never seen her so happy over anything as she was about his new suit. "Put it away," said Jimmy to the clerk. "I'll pay cash for it Saturday."

He had never seen her so happy about anything until, downstairs in the hat department, she found the red hat. It was a red-velvet hat, a luscious cardinal red, and whatever it did to Helen's dark hair and eyes, it made them sparkle with delight. She said, trying it on: "Jimmy, all my life I've wanted this hat, just this hat." She lifted it gingerly from her head and looked at the price tag. "Seventeen fifty!" she said in a different voice. Then, "Oh, gosh!" She laid the hat down, smiled brightly. "I can make my old one do perfectly well," she said.

"You can *not*," proclaimed Jimmy. "You've hated the sight of that old one for two years now. Anyway, if I can throw twenty-eight fifty on a new suit— Forget the money—we're rich."

He addressed the hovering saleswoman. "Stick it in a box and I'll be in for it Saturday with cash," he directed.

At four thirty that afternoon, which was the Thursday before Christmas, Steve Flynn, the office manager, called them all together. He announced the bonus—ten shares each of company stock, at par ten dollars. "That's a hundred dollars to each of you," said Steve; "and with this NRA and recovery and everything it'll be there mighty soon. There's only one thing—the directors don't want any of this stock to get out or change hands. I mean, they want to keep it in the family. That's what this company is—just one big family. And so every one of us will still have his stock when it goes up and so on, they're holding our actual stock certificates for us in the big company safe. What each one of us will get is a specially engrossed Christmas certificate, signed by the Old Man himself."

At six o'clock that evening Jimmy used his latchkey and smiled his best at Helen. "Get ready for another little sock in the jaw, baby," he said.

"I know," she said, watching him. "No bonus. I've hunched it all afternoon."

"No bonus is right. No hat," said Jimmy.

She said sturdily: "Oh, that hat! It wasn't practical—velvet isn't, you know—and anyway it was much too expensive. I—I'd really just decided against it."

"Sweet liar," said Jimmy. "Hey, what's the matter?"

She was staring at him wildly. "Your suit!" she gasped. "You've got to have it, Jimmy! It'll help you

ILLUSTRATION

*She said, trying it on, "All my life I've wanted just this hat."*

## Christmas Crisis

# MYGATT

BY RUTH KING

land that sales-department job. You said it yourself—"

"The job can wait," said Jimmy. "Anyway it'll have to." He was thinking desperately.

The next morning was Friday. Over his breakfast egg Jimmy said, grinning: "That was another bright idea of mine, taking out insurance as a Christmas present and leaving us with a premium to pay every year just three days before Christmas."

Helen eyed him.

He said, shrugging: "I hate to borrow against the policy to patch out the premium, but that's what we've got to do. The premium's sixty-eight dollars and the loan value is twenty-two and the balance is the forty-six that I have saved up. Now, if I could only pay the whole premium—"

"Uh-huh," said Helen, just smiling.

"Last year, honey, you had about twenty-five dollars saved up at Christmas-time. Remember? Now, if you only had something like that this year, then I could take it—"

"And buy the red hat for me," said Helen, abruptly laughing. "You can't fool me, Jimmy Dale. You're as transparent as glass. Besides, I haven't any secret money to spend for any fool hat, or for life insurance either. You know, this has been an awfully tough year, dear. And besides, you and I have got to be sensible. I mean we just can't give each other anything—except maybe a few little crazy things from the five-and-ten."

Jimmy bought the red hat without much trouble. He had three private dollars in his pocket which he had been going to invest in a certain bottle of perfume, Helen's favorite. He pawned his watch for seven fifty. That made ten fifty, and he borrowed the remaining seven dollars against his first two weeks' salary in January. He paid the total of seventeen fifty to the hat department of Leeds' and placed the cubical hatbox triumphantly upon his desk. The only thing to work out now was how to get it successfully into Helen's hands. Christmas present or no Christmas present, Jimmy was certain that she would return the hat to Leeds' and put the seventeen fifty into the family pool. He would have to think of some way, some trick way, of putting it over on her.

When he went home that evening Helen seemed a little excited. "Look," she said, and handed him a two-inch square of cardboard. "I bought it for a quarter at the auction. I wonder what it is."

The cardboard square said: "Parcel Check 283, Union Station. 10¢. Not responsible for articles containing live stock, liquids, or combustibles. Not responsible for articles left over 30 days."

Once a year the railroad company sold off their unclaimed checks and gave the proceeds to charity.

"Thelma and Gertrude took me," Helen was saying. "It was fun."

"Oh, yes!" said Jimmy. An idea had come to him out of the ether. He said, "I'll take this down and redeem it tomorrow."

"I wish you would, Jimmy. I don't like it down there by the station or I would have gone myself."

At noon the next day Jimmy went to the station, carrying his cubical box. Whatever he drew for Check No. 283, he would put the hat in its place and then give the check back to Helen with the story that he hadn't had time to see about it. When she found the hat, at least he would have an out.

Jimmy handed in the check and received a long flattish paper box imprinted with the insignia of Leeds' department store. Jimmy whipped it open. Neatly folded inside was the tweedish-looking suit of clothes.

It was then that Jimmy began to laugh. After a little the parcel-room man was laughing too. "You can't beat 'em," said the parcel-room man. "You might as well make up your mind to it—you can't beat 'em."

Jimmy's eyes felt funny. Gosh, she cared more about his darned blooming suit than she cared about anything that had to do with herself!

"I guess you can't even tie them," said Jimmy humbly.

"I wouldn't say that," said the parcel-room man. "If you're fast on your feet and if you love 'em enough you can come damn' close to it."

Jimmy let himself in with his latchkey again. He talked of this and that. He lit a cigarette. He smiled.

"Jimmy"—she was palpably nervous—"did you—did you go to the station?"

"No. Forgot about it."

"Oh, please go! It may be closed tomorrow. This is Saturday. And Monday's Christmas."

"Come on down with me," said Jimmy. "It's a nice trolley ride."

She didn't want to but she had to. The man at the parcel desk grinned at them. "Two packages on this 283 check," said the man.

Helen said, "But—but there can't be."

There were two parcels without doubt—a long flattish one and a cubical one. Helen seemed confused. She said to the man, "This can't be right."

But it was right as all get-out. The minute she saw the red-velvet hat Helen screamed with delight. She said, "Jimmy, you louse!"

Jimmy felt pretty good too. He said: "Christmas is pretty cute, isn't it? It makes you think fast."

THE END

# The Private Life

*(Reading time: 14 minutes 25 seconds.)*

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

AS long as Jean Harlow's name is in electric lights it will be connected with the tragic suicide of Paul Bern, who shot himself a short time after their marriage.

A man killed himself over her.

The note which he left behind is still cloaked in mystery—the note which read: "Dearest Dear—Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I Love you. Paul. PS. You understand that last night was only a comedy."

No one knows what "last night's comedy" was except Jean Harlow, and her lips are sealed.

But there is much behind the suicide of Paul Bern that has not been told, much that can be told now.

The ordeal by fire through which Jean Harlow passed in the hours following the discovery of Paul's naked and lifeless body has never been revealed in all its desperate agony. To understand, it is necessary to remember that Jean Harlow was not and never had been part of Hollywood. She had very few intimate friends among Hollywood people.

The real and important side of Jean's life went on in a different orbit. When she wanted to shop, to lunch, to drive, there was always her mother, whose companionship she preferred to that of any one else. In the evenings, when she was not with Paul and often when she was, her mother and stepfather were usually with her.

Her real friends were not in pictures. Her only chum of her own age was a young married woman whose husband was a business man. I once lunched with her at Jean's, and I don't think Hollywood was so much as mentioned. Mrs. Kenneth Preuss, one of the social leaders of Los Angeles's smart set, was also a close friend of Jean, who has spent a great deal of time with her.

So Hollywood contented itself with speculations. It figured Jean as still the platinum blonde and the red-headed woman and let it go at that.

When she announced her engagement to Paul Bern there was an uproar.

Jean once told me, "We waited until after Red-Headed Woman was released to be married, because I insisted upon it. I didn't want people to say I had married him to further my career."

They said it just the same.

Not knowing the real story, Hollywood tried to figure out why Jean Harlow was marrying him.

M. G. M. photos

*With her dog Oscar during the "shooting" of Dinner at Eight.*

Of course Paul was a darling. But he wasn't a romantic figure. He was small—shorter than Jean. Middle-aged. Not good-looking. The last man you'd expect the platinum blonde to fall for.

Therefore there must be some other reason.

First and foremost, he was the right hand of Irving Thalberg, who controlled the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Jean had just been given an M. G. M. contract.

Second, Paul must be a very rich man.

Third, Paul had enormous social prestige. Jean had never been on the "inside" of Hollywood's exclusive circles. Now she would be.

None of these reasons were true. Jean has proved since Paul's death that she needed no one to insure her great career on the screen. Paul wasn't a rich man at all, and she knew it. The house he gave her for a wedding present was mortgaged up to the very rooftree, and he had borrowed money from Jean in an emergency. As for Hollywood society, Jean simply didn't know it existed.

None of the other things were true, but even some of Paul's closest friends believed them.

Every one believed that the marriage was slated for disaster. It was. But not for all of the reasons that Hollywood numbered.

The story of their wedding night that was not a wedding night has been told. He had known before the gay ceremony that the revelation of his inability to consummate the marriage must be made to his bride. He had seen that sooner or later he must send her to his own doctor to learn what a strange marriage she had made.

But for three years he had known Jean's mind and heart as no one else except her mother knew them. He believed that Jean would find happiness as his wife even though they could only remain friends.

Why else would he have married her?

When she said to the doctor, "Make Paul understand that it doesn't matter. I will be loyal and faithful to him as long as I live"—it was only what he expected. Otherwise, surely, he would never have made her his wife.

Do you realize what utter trust Paul Bern must have had in this young girl to have married her knowing what such a marriage meant?

He trusted her with his life, with the secret which he had so long hidden and of which he was so much ashamed.

The tragedy of Paul Bern was that he could not continue to trust her—that he could not continue to believe that any girl, even Jean, could be happy under such circumstances.

Once, about ten years ago, Paul Bern and I happened to be traveling from New York to California on the same train. It was a long, uninterrupted four days, and we spent most of the time talking together. You

# and LOVES of JEAN HARLOW

A Revealing Chronicle of Hidden Things in the Career of the Screen's Most Glamorous and Least Understood Beauty

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

*With Hal Rosson, to whom she is married after two matrimonial catastrophes.*
M. G. M. photo

can get to know a person very well in four days like that.

I was very fond of Paul Bern. But I remember that during those long talks I was surprised at the morbid, pessimistic side of his mind. He could understand why people did the most dreadful things, and be tolerant of them. He was interested in abnormality, in complexes and inhibitions, in perversions and suicide and death.

The truth is that once he had married Jean Harlow, the morbid side of his nature seemed to come uppermost. The situation in which he found himself—a middle-aged incompetent husband of a young and beautiful girl, the leading exponent of sex appeal—intrigued him in a morbid way; it matched the many cases he had read, the many Russian tragedies he had absorbed.

A famous woman I once knew had been for many years the mistress of a well known man. They finally married —and separated in a few weeks. I once asked her why, and she said sadly, " Once I was his wife, he couldn't trust me because of what he himself had been to me before we were married. Men are different about their wives than about anything else on earth."

We shall never know what went on in Paul Bern's mind after his marriage. Whether, once she was his wife, the situation was more humiliating to him than he could have dreamed. Whether his great love for her and her tremendous physical appeal united to drive him mad, in spite of all that she could say or do.

The fact remains that very soon he became broody, melancholy, different.

It was Paul and not Jean who broke under the abnormal conditions of their union. Under the strain Jean had faith and was happy. But Paul was suddenly filled with fear. He could no longer believe the girl he adored would be happy, that she would be loyal and faithful, that their divine friendship could continue.

Perhaps, confused and tormented as he was, at the end even Paul Bern fatally confused the real Jean Harlow and the Jean Harlow of the screen.

ONE night during the short months of their marriage I saw them at a party. Jean was talking and laughing. She seemed unusually happy. Nothing about her suggested that she considered she had made any mistake. And there was nothing in her conduct to which the most jealous husband would object. But Paul did object. He walked stiffly up to her and, without a glance at the men with whom she was talking, ordered her to come home.

*Paul Bern, her bridegroom in name only who shot himself.*

She slipped one hand under his arm, smiled up at him, waved to the gathering, and went without a word.

His jealousy was obvious to every one. But she didn't seem to notice it, didn't seem to mind.

She went right on clinging to her faith, her heart aching for him, absolutely believing that it was just a mood with him which would pass.

On Labor Day, 1932, Paul Bern killed himself.

And a storm broke about Jean Harlow's young head.

In those first hectic hours, before any one knew anything or had time to think, a wave of accusation against her swept Hollywood, swept Paul's friends, swept even her own studio, which had also been his.

They had known that something awful would happen if Paul married that girl! She had driven him to it. Men who had adored Paul lost their heads and their tempers and raged against the platinum blonde.

I was swimming with a crowd at Malibu Beach that morning when the city editor of a Los Angeles newspaper called me and broke the news to me. I remember how shocked the group on the sands were.

" A man doesn't shoot himself unless he's got a very good reason," they said, " and I expect Harlow's the reason all right."

THAT she should be blamed for his death seemed to Jean almost more than she could bear.

She had only to speak the truth. She had only to tell the story of her marriage, to explain the words of that note which every one was discussing. But in the face of suspicion and accusations she refused utterly to save herself at the price of betraying Paul's secret.

It came out, of course, at the autopsy. The medical men made the whole matter very plain.

Once it was all clear there was a great change of feeling toward her. She became a heroine. Hollywood did a complete about-face.

She had emerged from the fiery furnace with much of the misunderstanding burned away. But she emerged, too, with a sad heart and painful memories. At twenty-one she had suffered more intensely than most people do in their whole lives.

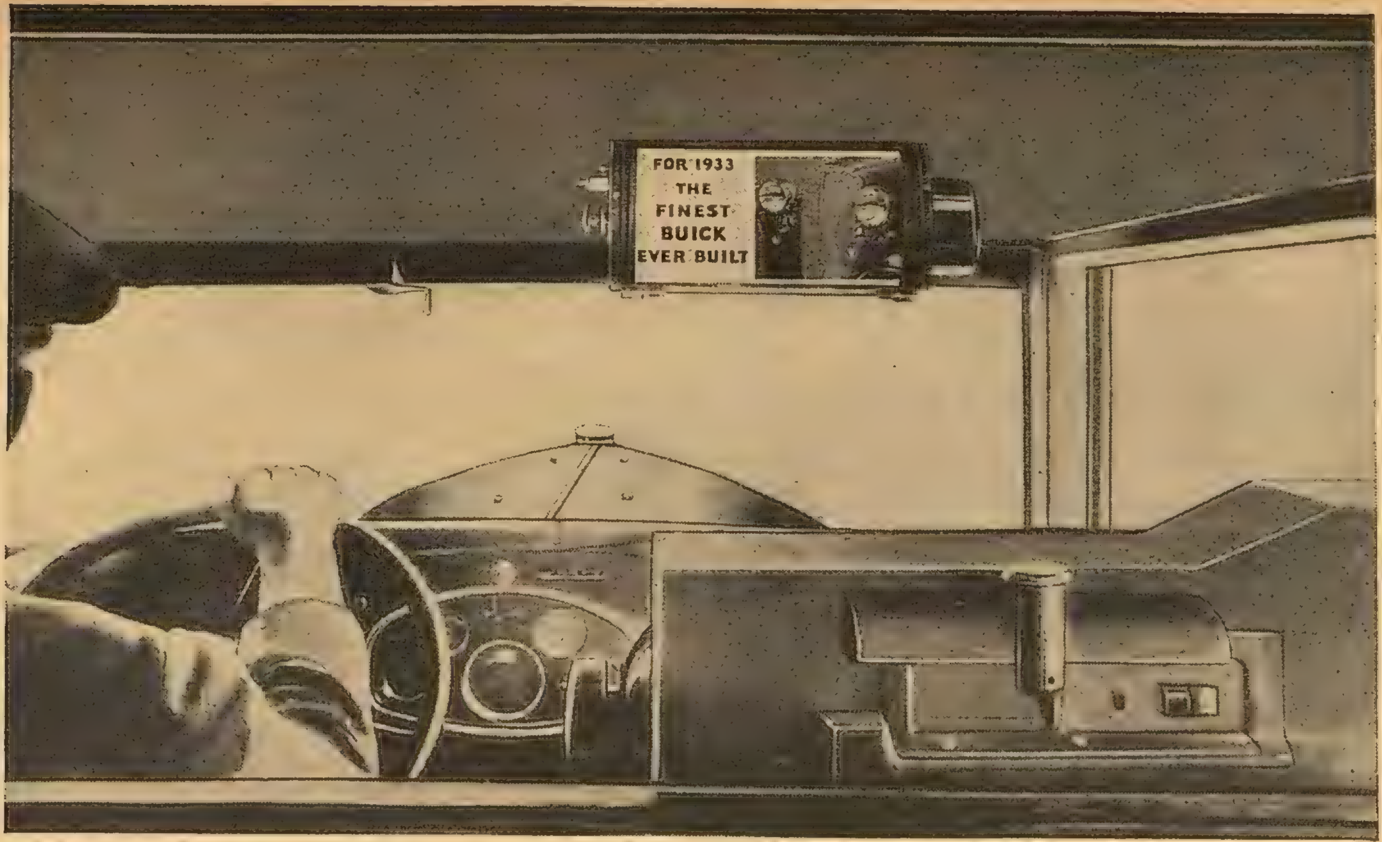
Her romantic love with Chuck McGrew had fizzled out in unhappiness. Her friendship love with Paul Bern had flung her into the center of a Russian tragedy.

She knew by now the price of fame. She knew how easily the famous are misunderstood and how quickly you may lose your footing.

It wouldn't have been surprising if Jean Harlow had emerged a bitter young woman with a great distrust of life. But she didn't. Two things saved her. The great faith which she had gained in her childhood and which nothing has ever destroyed. And her work. Her ambition to be not only a screen star but a great actress.

Because she knew the terrific cost to the studio, and because she

*(Concluded on page twenty)*



Terminal Cab Passengers Cannot Fail to Read the Twenty-Two Beautifully Colored Advertisements Contained in This Moving, Electrically Lighted Device. Cards Change Every Seven Seconds.

# Spot Support

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Terminal taxicabs carry over 1,000,000 passengers a month. They have the exclusive cab privileges of the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations, the steamship piers, the 23rd Street ferries which serve the Lackawanna, Erie and Jersey Central railroads, etc., the 42nd Street ferries, which serve the West Shore, and the Waldorf Astoria Hotel's private stand.

Terminal cab passengers pay 73 cents, on an average, for a ride, so it is more than fair to assume that they have incomes above the average. They are a unique group of people—well worth cultivating. An order to the driver takes them to the point of purchase!

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Advertising Agency commission 15%—cash discount 2%. Circular and other information will be sent upon request.

**J. H. Livingston, Jr. Taxi Advertising, Inc.**

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*(Continued from page eighteen)*

believed it the sanest thing to do, she went back to work as soon as she was physically able. And drove the studio crazy, demanding work and still more work, more pictures, more stories. Keep busy!

After all, she was very young and the spirit of youth heals quickly. Life must go on, and she found that life was still good.

And it wasn't long before others forgot, before the brief respite was over. The tradition persisted. She was still the platinum blonde, the red-headed woman. Soon she became the blonde bombshell.

You couldn't possibly separate Harlow and sex appeal. Even though she was progressing in her work far beyond those first exhibitions of it that had made her famous, she found that if she went out with a man that was enough to start every tongue wagging.

Dr. Servando Osornio, a Mexican physician, was a friend of her mother and stepfather. The four of them made a trip to Caliente—and made all the columns.

Jay Widden, an orchestra leader in the Miramar café at Santa Monica where Jean liked to go and listen to the music, was soon rumored her "heart interest."

Howard Strickling, the handsome young head of the M. G. M. publicity department, who sometimes rode with her on a Sunday morning, was next on the list.

Then Vic Orsatti, a lawyer and agent with whom she had business dealings, was nominated.

Frederick H. Booth, a millionaire lumberman from Canada, brother of Princess Erik of Denmark, lunched and golfed with her twice, and it became a hot romance.

Soon she was supposed to have lured Max Baer away from his wife.

And there were two directors and one well known actor who were supposed to be trying to marry her.

Strangely enough, no one ever mentioned the handsome young polo player from Del Monte, member of one of San Francisco's oldest families, who paid ardent court and for a time almost swept her off her feet. He actually bought her an engagement ring.

Then suddenly Jean eloped with Hal Rosson.

I have never been able to understand the surprise that marriage caused. It seems to me the most consistent thing she has ever done. In Hal Rosson, Jean Harlow believes she has found all that she was seeking with Paul Bern. If it isn't what the world would expect the platinum blonde to seek, that can't be helped.

THE story of this love illumines the real Jean Harlow. They met first when Jean was making tests for Red-Headed Woman. Paul Bern won Jean her chance to try out for it, and Paul took her out on the set and introduced Hal Rosson to her.

People have commented upon a resemblance between Paul Bern and Hal Rosson. They don't look alike. But they are somewhat the same type.

Hal Rosson came to Hollywood from New York in 1914. Today he rates as one of the greatest cameramen. He is slight, quiet, sandy-haired. There is a clean-cut, easy, authoritative something about him when he is behind a camera. And his eyes seem to see through things.

His work has been his life, his camera his god. Through its lens he has sought beauty. In 1924, when Jean Harlow was still a little girl, he married an Australian girl named Nina Byron; but they were divorced shortly afterward, and Hal Rosson returned to his camera, his laboratory, his books, his horses, and his golf clubs.

"I remember so well the first time we met," Jean said. "I liked Hal Rosson then and I was very grateful to him. He was so kind and helpful, he gave me courage. When I saw the first takes on the picture I realized I was in the hands of a wonderful cameraman and how much difference it made to me."

But you mustn't think Jean Harlow married him to have a marvelous cameraman for life. Today such a star as Jean Harlow can have any cameraman she wants any time.

They became friends—in the studio. And he thought she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. And when a cameraman who has to photograph a star thinks she is beautiful, that's something! Perhaps he fell in love with her then, in his shy quiet way.

It was Hal Rosson who photographed her when she first returned to the studio after Paul's suicide. His admiration grew as he watched the brave way she went on, despite her sorrow, working until, quite literally, she dropped in her tracks.

Whether or not Marino Bello knew that his close friend Hal Rosson loved Jean, whether he and Jean's mother consciously played Cupid, I don't know. But it was Marino who brought them together outside the studio.

THEY met for the first time off the set on the golf course. Marino had decided that it would be good for "the baby" to play golf. He asked Hal Rosson to come along and help her learn.

Jean found peace and contentment in his quiet company. Soon they began to ride together mornings. Soon she formed the habit of dropping into his house for a cup of tea or for a quiet dinner. The four of them—and Jean always loved parties when her mother and stepfather could go along—made a happy quartet.

Perhaps she saw, too, the love and adoration in the man's eyes. And she found that he enjoyed talking to her; he liked to discuss books and people.

It was a saner, stronger repetition of her friendship with Paul Bern. And Jean was older and wiser.

Suddenly one day, without any romantic scenes, they found themselves talking of marriage. They found themselves gloriously and happily in love. Here, it seemed to Jean, was the haven she had sought.

"I wonder," she says a little wistfully, "if any one has sought the answer to our elopement in the simple idea that I *love* Hal and that I want the security and happiness of a normal married life."

Jean Harlow was bred to believe in a normal married life. That simple fundamental has remained with her, though her life has led her far from those early days.

"We want to have babies, too," she told me.

That, really, was the heartbreak she faced with Paul Bern. There wouldn't be any babies.

It must have taken a good deal of faith and courage for Jean to marry again. Marriage hasn't been very lucky for her. It seems to me to show a high heart and a sound mind, her realizing that her bitter experience mustn't color her whole life, and that though her dream had been shattered once it might still come true.

THE END

*NEXT WEEK—*

THE AMERICAN ARMY STANDS READY

**A sensational revelation of preparedness for ANY crisis**

By

Harry H. Woodring

**The Assistant Secretary of War**

**Other stories and articles by**

**A. E. W. Mason, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Al Williams, Thyra Samter Winslow, and others.**

**Mail Early: There will be no deliveries on Sunday, Dec. 24, Monday, Dec. 25.**

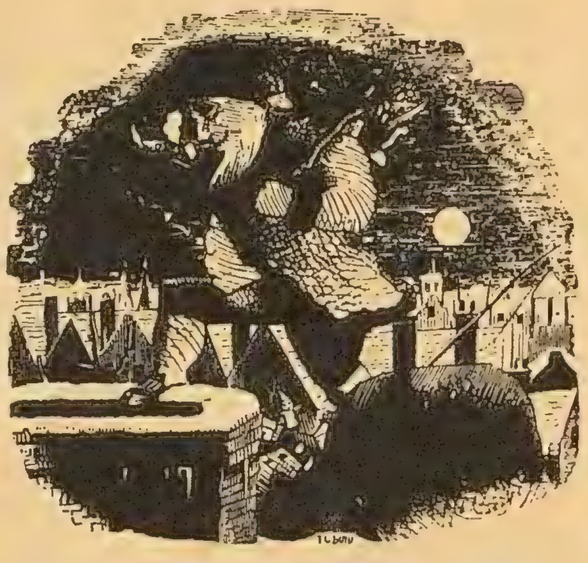
# Is Santa Claus an American?

(*Reading time: 3 min. 45 sec.*)

## Almost 100 Per Cent, It Seems; and a Famous Poem Made Him!

### By ARTHUR N. HOSKING

SANTA CLAUS as we know him, and as the world does, is almost one hundred per cent American. Not until St. Nicholas passed through the crucible of Dr. Clement Clarke Moore's imagination did the patron saint of childhood ever ride in a sleigh, or have eight tiny reindeer with bells on to convey him over the rooftops. Nor was he dressed in furs, nor did he smoke a pipe, nor did he ever before get into the homes of good little boys and girls by going down chimneys, nor did he have "a little round belly, that shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly." His true portrait had never been drawn.



Here's a woodcut from the first completely illustrated edition of A Visit from St. Nicholas, published in 1848. T. C. Boyd made it.

His everyday prototype was a little, rotund, always jolly old Dutchman who used to do odd jobs around Dr. Moore's home. This seems very fitting inasmuch as Santa Claus came to America with the Dutch settlers. In Holland he was known as the patron saint of childhood and the bearer of gifts at Christmas time; the change to his name from the St. Nicholas of central and eastern Europe is readily seen. In one country St. Nick was expected to come in the window. In another, stockings were hung outside the door. In still another, wooden shoes were used. Not much was said about his costume; only in one land was he supposed to wear scarlet.

If you walk along the south wall of old Trinity churchyard in New York City, you will see a flat brown stone inscribed: *Bishop Benjamin Moore and Charity His Wife.* The only child of these two was Clement Clarke Moore, born July 15, 1779, and graduated from Columbia College at nineteen. As a relaxation from his studies the youth wrote verses. He was also musical and had a turn for architecture. He prepared for the ministry but was not ordained. In time he became Dr. Moore and a professor in the General Theological Seminary.

Of his numerous and varied printed works only one thing remains, but that is immortal. It is the poem entitled A Visit from St. Nicholas, beginning, as every child knows:

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

There are several stories concerning how it happened to be written. I like to believe the version related by a granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Moore Sherman. In 1822, while Dr. Moore was being driven back from New York to his Chelsea estate, the bells on old Dobbin gave him an idea in their jingle for Christmastide verses for his children, and he thought of the jovial old Dutchman and used him as model in describing St. Nicholas.

The next autumn the Moores had a visitor, a Miss Butler of Troy, New York. She made a copy of the poem, took it home, and sent it anonymously to Orville L. Holley, editor of the Troy Sentinel. So it first appeared in his paper's issue of December 23, 1823.

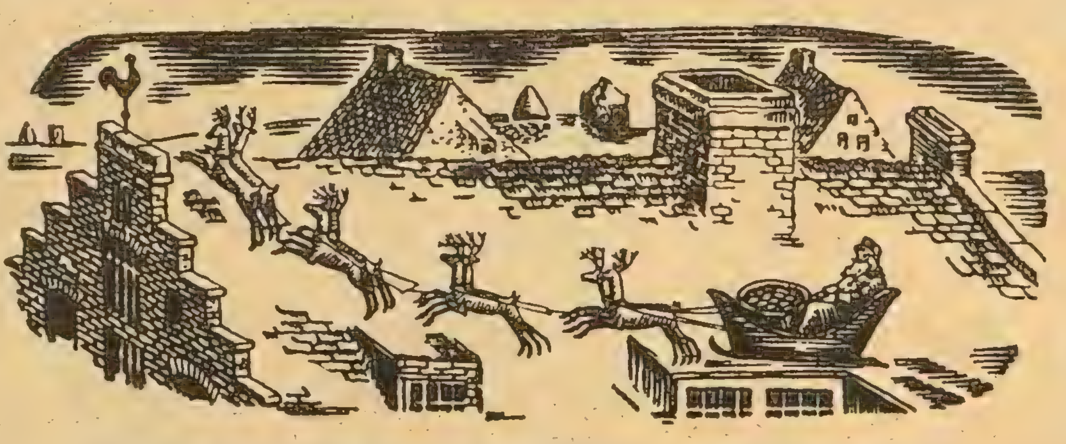
IT is said that its appearance caused Dr. Moore chagrin and regret. But with widespread republication at each Christmastide, public desire to know the name of the author became urgent. In 1829 the Sentinel divulged that he belonged "by birth and residence to the City of New York." In those days many newspapers were wont to print a "Carrier's Address" for soliciting subscriptions; for this purpose the poem was first illustrated by Myron King, a wood engraver of Troy, about 1830. In the issue of the Troy Budget for December 25, 1838, Dr. Moore's authorship was at last publicly acknowledged.

In 1848 a publisher—one Henry M. Onderdonk of 10 John Street, New York—enlisted the services of an old wood engraver, T. C. Boyd, who therefore has the distinction of being first to illustrate the poem completely. The pamphlet that Onderdonk brought out, now a rarity, was the first separate illustrated edition of it.

During his latter years Dr. Moore bought a house in Newport, Rhode Island, where he spent his summers after resigning his professorship. It was there that he died, July 10, 1863, just five days short of his eighty-fifth birthday. His coffin was brought to New York. It rested in St. Luke's churchyard (now gone) in Hudson Street until 1890, when final interment was made in Trinity Cemetery at Broadway and 155th Street.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve a procession of the children of the parishioners of the beautiful Chapel of the Intercession, bordering the cemetery, march with banners to the grave of Clement Clarke Moore, where carols are sung and a fresh wreath is laid on the final resting place of the author of the world's best beloved poem for children.

THE END



The first picture ever made for the famous poem. It dates from about 1830.

# *The Amazing Story of* WILDCAT SAM DREBEN

# The Fighting Jew

*(Reading time: 20 minutes 55 seconds.)*

THE intrepid Sam's exploits in revolutionary Mexico were recounted in last week's installment. Tex told how it happened that Sam joined up with the Maderistas, achieved a bloodless conquest of Campeche, and was rewarded with $5,000 in gold. He came home and was "a good fellow while he had it"—but he soon shot the works in a bet on the World's Series and went broke. Then he returned to Mexico and teamed up with Tracy Richardson in the red flag revolt against Madero.

After the capture of Parral it came about that for two hours Sam, single-handed behind his machine gun, battled Pancho Villa and his entire mounted force to a draw. At Rellano it was Sam who loaded the famous switching engine with dynamite and sent it hurtling down the grade into the Federals' troop trains. Their defeat followed, their general committed suicide, and the result was the fateful emergence of Victoriano Huerta as Federal commander. Sam and Tracy fought Huerta's troops valiantly at Jiménez, Tracy sticking at his machine gun after being shot through the body. The two were made joint colonels of a crack red flag regiment.

But in the campaign that followed, the Federals' artillery prevailed. The chagrined red flag General Campa senselessly rounded on Sam and Tracy. He was going to execute them on a trumped-up charge—and they were actually standing before the firing squad when his officers intervened. With six Mexicans they crossed the desert to take part in the battle at Bachimba Pass. After it, receiving their discharges, they slipped across the Rio Grande.

### PART FOUR—"A PALESTINE IRISHMAN"

IT WAS a sad night when Sam and Tracy made their way through the back streets of El Paso to an obscure hotel. It was the first time Sam had fought in a cause which had gone down to defeat.

El Paso was full of enemies. Federal spies swarmed in the hotel lobbies and the two cronies did not know who their friends were. They agreed to remain in hiding that night and visit the rebel junta the next day.

It so happened that I was in El Paso that night, although I had been fighting on the other side with the Federal forces of Madero. By accident I was the cause of giving Sam and Tracy an uneasy night.

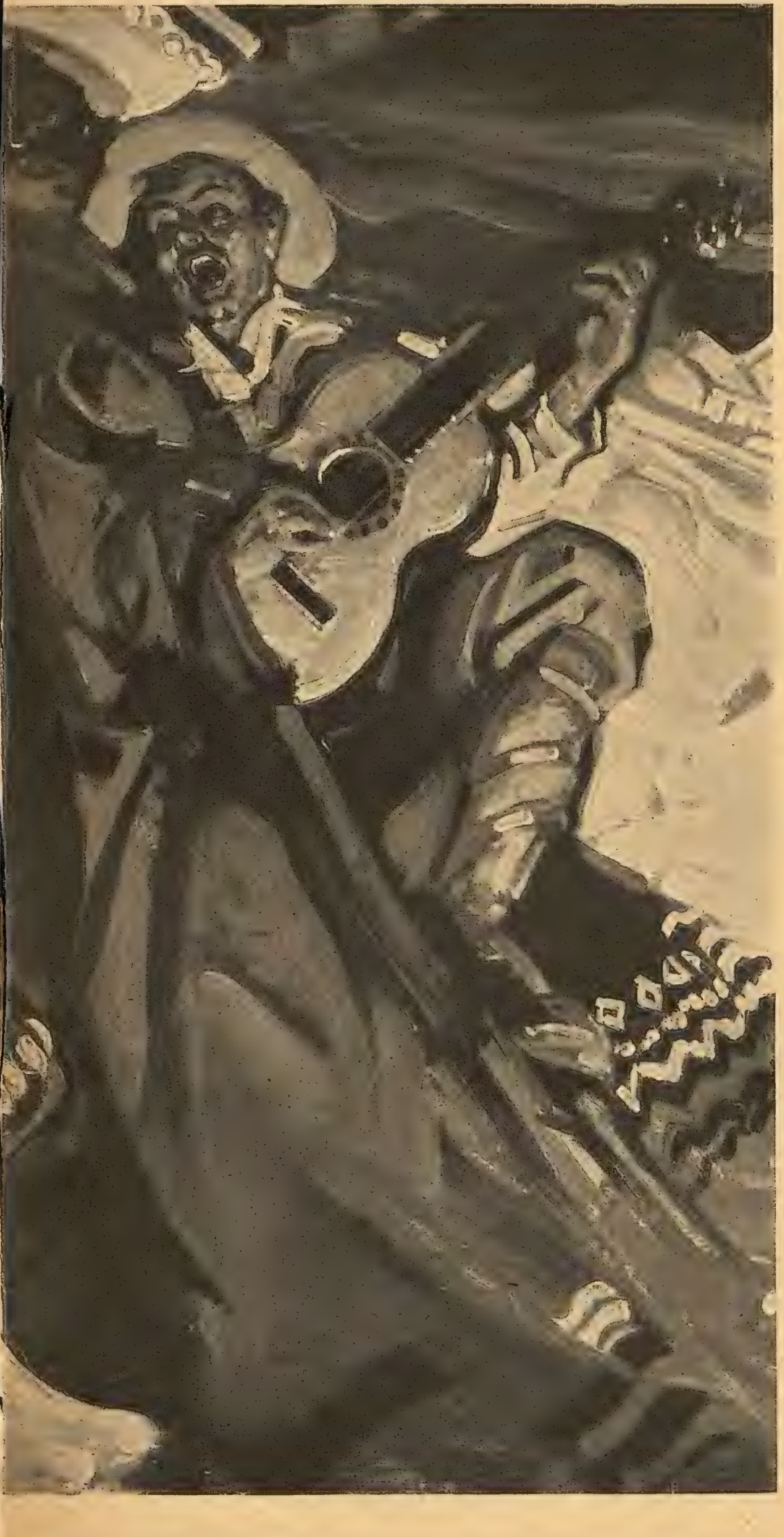
The reporter on the El Paso Times who was handling the war news was suddenly taken ill. As I was an old-time newspaperman, the editor asked me to cover the war for a few days.

That night I met a Federal secret service agent at the Mexican consulate. He informed me that Dreben and Richardson had crossed the river and gave me the telephone number of the hotel where they were in hiding. I promptly called them up, and Sam's unmistakable voice answered the phone. He demanded to know who I was, but I refused to tell him. Tracy was called to the phone and I demanded an interview. Finally the two mystified warriors went into a huddle and gave a brief statement which was a masterpiece of misinformation.

# By His Old Pal TEX O'REILLY

## Their Friend the Enemy—Guarding Madero—Sam Turns Gun Runner, Takes Up the Tango, Tries Business—"Get Villa, Dead or Alive!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DeFEO



*I remember him by the camp fire, singing to an admiring circle of big-hatted rebels.*

I wrote the story of their arrival and the next afternoon met them in Pioneer Plaza. Although official enemies, we shook hands and sat down for a chat.

"That was a bum story you gave me over the phone last night," I complained.

"My Lord, were you that guy on the wire?" Sam exploded. "I ought to shoot you!"

They told me that my unexpected call had given them the fright of their lives. They thought the hotel was spotted by Federal spies. All night they sat up, gun in hand, and listened for the footsteps of a raiding party on the stairs.

A week later I again left for the field. In the last big battle of the red flag rebellion the rebels, under Salazar and Campa, were defeated and scattered in the mountains.

IT was not long afterward that I again ran across my old friend Sam Dreben, and this time he was on my trail. Misfortune had overtaken me: I had been arrested at Douglas on a charge of violating the neutrality law. I may or may not have been guilty, but at any rate I was acquitted. While I was in custody of the United States marshal, Dreben appeared and looked me up.

"What are you doing here, Sam?" I queried.

"I'm getting seven dollars a day," he answered with a grin.

"What for?"

"For watching you. I am now a Federal gum shoe, and so they give me seven dollars a day to spy on you. You've got to help me keep the job."

So until I was released Sam and I collaborated on nightly reports to the chief of the secret service in El Paso. They were good reports but a little shy on information.

It may seem strange that two good friends should fight in opposing armies. Accident made us enemies. Sam knew that I would not have betrayed the secrets of the men I worked with, and I would not have asked him to inform against his comrades. Had we been opposed on a battlefield, which fortunately never happened, we would have had to fight as enemies. A soldier of fortune must be true to his salt or his career is brief.

After my acquittal Dreben returned to El Paso, an accredited member of the government secret service. It is true that he was now working for the very government he had sought to destroy as a machine gunner under General Orozco, but the red flag cause was lost. He could hardly be expected to be loyal to Campa, the man who had sentenced him to death.

In his rôle as Federal sleuth he was sent to Mexico City. General Victoriano Huerta, his old adversary, who had crushed the red flag revolt, was now the hero of the hour. President Madero named him commander in chief of the army and Secretary of War. It was a mistake that cost Madero his life and again threw Mexico into turmoil. Sam arrived in time to be a participant in the "tragic ten days" which ended Madero's rule.

Without warning, a riot broke out in the streets of the capital. Felix Diaz raided the penitentiary and released General Bernardo Reyes, an aged officer who had recently made a futile attempt at rebellion. General Huerta was supposed to defend the government, but he joined with a cabal of old Diaz officers against President Madero. For ten days Mexico City was a battle ground, swept by artillery fire.

President Madero, mounted on a gray horse and guarded only by the corps of cadets of Chapultepec Military School and a few friends, made his way across the city. In that loyal bodyguard was little Sam Dreben, dressed in a dinner coat and dancing slippers, and festooned with cartridge belts. He had been a guest at a dinner party when the storm broke.

It was Madero's failing that he trusted the very men who were secretly working against him. Escorted by that motley guard headed by the queer figure of Sam Dreben in his evening clothes, he made his way through the bullet-swept streets to the National Palace.

Here he dismissed his faithful guard and placed himself under the protection of the very gang of reactionary officers who were seeking his downfall. Chief in command at the National Palace was General Blanquet, who had started his career when, as a boy private, a member of a firing squad, he had fired one of the fatal bullets into the breast of the Emperor Maximilian. For his part in this execution he was made an officer in the army. In years of service under President Diaz he had gained a reputation for ruthless savagery.

For ten days the battle in the streets kept up. Dreben acted as messenger from point to point where the loyal troops were making a brave stand. On the tenth night the bodies of President Madero and Sam's old friend Vice President Pino Suárez were taken out of the palace in a cab and thrown into the streets. General Huerta was escorted to the palace and proclaimed provisional president and dictator of Mexico.

It was a bleak outlook for Dreben. He was a fugitive in the city with a price on his head. With cunning persistence the Huertistas hunted down the loyal followers of Madero. It amounted to a death sentence to be caught harboring one of them. Yet Dreben had friends who were willing to take that chance.

He was hidden for weeks in the houses of Mexicans and finally smuggled on a train to the border. Sam would never tell the details of that story of his escape. He never mentioned the names of those who aided him.

He returned to El Paso in time to read his own obituary in the newspapers. Again he was out of a job, but not for long. Almost overnight the counterrevolt against Huerta the usurper swept over Mexico. New figures appeared in the arena. Colonel Alvaro Obregon took the field in Sonora, Pancho Villa crossed the Rio Grande with a small squad of men, Governor Carranza of Coahuila revolted against the new government.

A meeting was held and the Plan of Guadalupe announced a new war. The new party called themselves the Constitutionalistas. All the rebel leaders, except Zapata in the south, signed the Plan.

SAM DREBEN entered their service. Carranza was selected as provisional chief, so naturally the insurrectos were called Carranzistas. In the first year of the war General Pancho Villa fought in harmony with the other Carranza leaders.

Sam Dreben did no actual fighting with either Carranza or Villa. His was a more important and dangerous job. It was up to him to keep the guns and ammunition coming to us across the border.

On one occasion he had received 100,000 rounds of ammunition on the docks at Galveston. It was all shipped in his name, and he had a legal right to it until he made the actual attempt to run it across the line. An agent of the Federal government came to him.

"Dreben, you're an American," he said. "It doesn't make any difference to you which side wins in Mexico. Transfer this ammunition to us and we will give you one hundred thousand dollars today."

"You're damn' right I'm an American, and Americans don't sell out," Sam retorted, and punched the agent in the jaw. That worthy, a dignified Mexican lawyer, did a movie comedy fall backward off the dock into the water. A policeman fished him out and put Sam under arrest.

Both were taken to the police station and Sam was tried. He was no more anxious than the agent to have the facts made public. The agent refused to testify against him, but on the testimony of the police he was fined five dollars for assault.

Time and again he made trips into Mexico when capture by the Federals meant certain death. One instance I can confirm. At the time I was with General Toribio Ortega. I was a machine gunner with my old friend Death Valley Slim as a partner.

We were in desperate need of ammunition, forced to keep on the move and avoid a scrap. Circling through the mountains in Chihuahua we approached the Rio Grande about fifteen miles across the river from old Fort Hancock. Late one afternoon we were moving down the trail when we saw two Mexicans approaching on horseback. They were typical *pelado vaqueros* in appearance, dressed in ragged clothes and big sombreros.

OUR advance guard stopped and questioned them. A Mexican is the most skillful person in the world at evading a question when he don't want to talk. This pair were eloquent in denying knowledge of anything. They were just poor cowboys going from back yonder to over there, and didn't even know there was a war on.

As I rode up to the advance guard I heard a familiar voice. "It's all right, *amigo*," it said cheerfully. "This is the right bunch. Here's the long old Texan."

It was Sam Dreben and a cowboy guide searching for our outfit. He brought us the glad news that there were three wagonloads of ammunition parked in a chaparral thicket a few miles away. Mrs. Dreben's little boy Sammie was certainly a welcome guest in our camp that night. He celebrated, got illuminated on a bottle of mescal, and won twenty dollars from the soldiers in a monte game. I remember him late that night, sitting by the camp fire, picking out scrambled chords on a guitar, singing a doleful Mexican love song to an admiring circle of big-hatted rebels.

That was Sam Dreben in his most characteristic setting. Put him at the camp fire with a bunch of hard-boiled Indian Mexicans, wailing some fool song in his burro barytone, and he was happy.

Less than two weeks later our outfit was again camped near the same spot. I was feeling mighty blue because it seemed as if the sacred cause of Land and Liberty was on the skids. Ortega's command had had a hard fight two days before at the village of Rancheria, and Death Valley Slim had been killed. I did not realize that we were on the eve of victory.

Before dawn we were tumbled out of our blankets and ordered to saddle up and head for Juárez. That town was held by a strong Huertista garrison, but that very morning Pancho Villa played his famous coup and captured the city. He had stolen a train, loaded his troops aboard, and pulled into the center of town before the Federals knew he was within a hundred miles.

Again Sam Dreben was the messenger who brought the news. Ortega's outfit were ordered to join in the attack. Sam rode with us to within ten miles of the town and then crossed to the American side. Every available man was being rushed to aid Villa. We got there two hours too late. The wily bandit general held the town.

As we rode through the streets we could see the usual post-battle celebration going on. Villa had ordered the saloons closed and shot a couple of bartenders who did not believe in prohibition, but there was plenty of bootleg booze.

The American authorities had closed the international bridges. That afternoon order was restored, and late that evening the restaurants and gambling casinos were doing business. I had found a barber shop and bought a suit of civilian clothes. That night, with a couple of Villa's officers, I set out to see the sights.

We strolled into the Casino, one of the biggest gambling halls in Mexico. I halted in dumfounded amazement when I sighted a weird figure at the roulette table. It was Sam Dreben, and Solomon in all his glory was a piker compared to him.

That morning when I had said good-by to him he had been dressed in dusty khaki. Now he was arrayed in full-dress claw-hammer evening clothes; a flat straw hat was on his head and a silver-handled umbrella in one hand. He was scattering chips on the roulette layout.

"Hi, you damn' insurrecto!" he shouted, wigwagging with the umbrella. "Just the guy I want to see! This army of yours has closed the bridges and won't let me go home. Want you to get me a pass. Anyway, I'm losing."

"But why the Charlie Chaplin make-up?" I asked.

"Well, since I quit soldiering, I want everybody to know I'm a respectable civilian. Besides, no Mexican would think of shooting a man in a dress suit."

The next day the bridges were open. I went over to see how America looked and get a good dinner. I inquired at the Hotel Shelton for Sam Dreben. The clerk said, "Oh, he's up on the mezzanine floor taking his dancing lesson."

Suspecting a hoax, I climbed the stairs. Alas, it was all too true. Eddie Baer, a newspaper reporter, was playing a piano, old Jack Noonan, a noted soldier of fortune, was watching with critical disapproval, and Sam, clad in a pongee silk suit, a proud grin on his face, was dancing the tango with a buxom blonde.

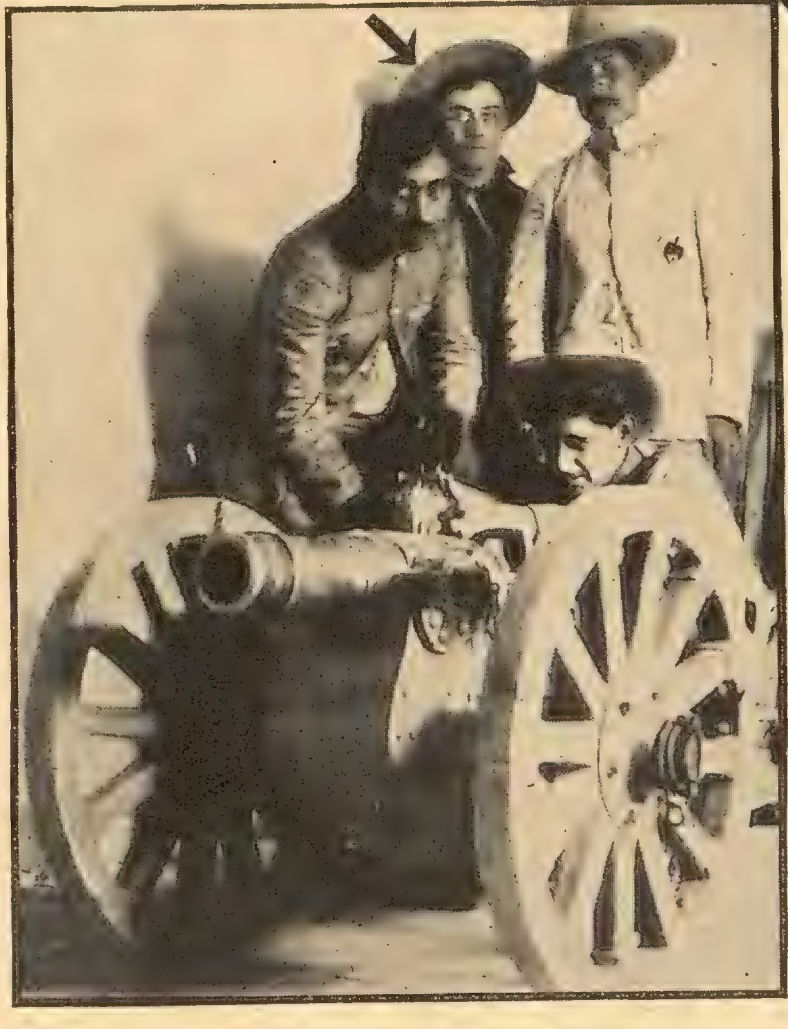
"Can't tell when this may come handy," he said apologetically. "Since I stopped running around with you rough soldiers I've been meeting nice people."

THAT very night Sam the social climber pulled one of the cleverest gun-running stunts of his career. A freight car loaded with ammunition for the Federals had been sidetracked a few miles below El Paso on the Texas side. It was less than half a mile from the Rio Grande, which was then at low stage, easily forded.

Sam, with a couple of Mexican secret service men, went to Fabens and captured and tied up the two watchmen. It was a delicate business because the border was patrolled by American soldiers and Texas Rangers, with orders to stop the passage of all munitions. Neither faction dared squeal.

Sam had arranged for 100 Villista soldiers to report on the Mexican side opposite where the car lay. He now crossed the river and located their commander.

"I want these men to lay aside their guns and come with me," he said. "We are going on Texas soil and not a man must be armed. If we are discovered, scatter and run but don't resist."



*Sam (arrow) and three Mexican comrades.*

The officer had orders to obey Sam, so the unarmed soldiers followed him. Like a line of ants carrying grains of wheat those Mexicans stealthily marched to and fro across the Rio Grande, and each soldier carried a box of cartridges on his back each trip. Within an hour that ammunition was safe in the hands of the Villistas. The American soldiers a half mile away never dreamed of what was going on.

This ammunition came in handy a few days later at the Battle of Tierra Blanca, a few miles south of Juárez, when Villa again defeated the Huerta soldiers and their new ally, General Pascual Orozco. It was the turning of the tide. In a triumphant campaign Villa defeated the Federals in battle after battle until he marched into Mexico City at the head of an army of 40,000 men, and Huerta fled Mexico to die in exile, overthrown by the illiterate cowboy he had despised.

I went south with Villa on that campaign. Dreben remained in El Paso as Villa's business agent. Before leaving Juárez I had a last dinner with him.

"Tex, you'd better quit this game," he said. "You and me have both been mighty lucky. The old law of averages will some day get you. Look at me. I've got an office and a stenographer. I'm a respectable business man. Never again will I monkey with this war stuff. What's the world to a man when his wife is a widow?"

There were a few more wars in Sam's future. Also he was to achieve his lifelong dream of being a prosperous business man.

His history cannot be written without telling the last chapter of the story of Tracy Richardson. Tracy remained loyal to his old red flag commander, General Salazar. Salazar joined forces with President Huerta, and Tracy found himself an officer in the army of the man he had fought against. Thus he was on the opposite side of the argument from his old partner Dreben. The man who played the game of follow-my-leader in the Mexican wars never knew in which parade he'd be marching when the trouble ended.

After the Battle of Ojinaga, Richardson was sent with important letters to President Huerta in Mexico City. After reading them the president called him back into his office.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired.

"Tracy Richardson."

"*Madre de Dios!*" he exclaimed, scowling. "For a year I tried to capture you and that devil Sam Dreben. Now you are one of us and I cannot shoot you."

While Tracy was in Mexico City awaiting orders the American fleet bombarded Vera Cruz and the sailors and marines landed and occupied the city. Although hundreds of Mexican soldiers were killed and an American force was camped on Mexican soil, Secretary of State Bryan declared that the United States was not really at war. The Mexicans could not see it that way. There was rioting at the capital, and attacks on American citizens all over the republic.

The American families of the city were gathered within the walls of the American embassy. There was no force to protect them, so a company of volunteers was formed by the men of the colony. It was called Company Z, and a remarkable old soldier of fortune, General Horace M. y Agramonte, at that time eighty-nine years old, was elected commander. Agramonte had been a soldier in the Crimean War and an eyewitness of the charge at Balaklava, had fought in the Sepoy Mutiny in India, had served as an officer on Grant's staff in the Civil War and with Custer against the plains Indians.

In the Franco-Prussian War he had been an officer in the French army. After the defeat of Napoleon III he had escorted Eugénie and the Prince Imperial to England. He died in his one hundredth year.

Tracy Richardson was asked to man the solitary machine gun in the embassy. During those anxious days he squatted on the saddle of the gun, covering the entrance. But the expected attack never materialized.

Nelson O'Shaughnessy and the embassy staff were ordered out of the country by Bryan. Huerta allowed them to leave on a special train but stopped Richardson at the depot. Tracy got word that Huerta, who never forgot or forgave, had threatened to kill him. He made his way to Vera Cruz through the Federal lines and approached the outpost of the American marines.

The captain in command began to question him in Spanish. "Tell it to me in Missouri, old-timer—we'll get along better," Tracy told him.

That marine captain was Smedley Butler, later major general of the corps. General Frederick Funston had arrived from Galveston and was in command. Knowing of Richardson, he asked him to work with the Americans as a scout. Tracy served with Funston until the outbreak of the World War, when he returned to El Paso.

TRACY wanted to get into the big show. He left for Canada, where he joined the famous Princess Pat regiment of Canadians. In France, from a private he rose to the rank of captain in the British army, and he is one of the few survivors of the original Princess Pats.

Later he transferred to the British Naval Flying Corps.

When the United States entered the war he had been invalided from the British service because of wounds, but experienced men were in demand. He was commissioned a captain and served with the Americans in France as gunnery instructor.

On my desk as I write is a letter I received from him a few days ago from Spokane, Washington. In it is a sentence which sounds strangely familiar: "I am through with this war stuff. I am going into business."

Well, perhaps. Occasionally one of these soldiers of fortune does retire.

After Villa had taken Mexico City I also decided to quit. Villa had quarreled with Carranza, the cause of the revolution seemed lost in the clash of personal ambition, and I was sick of it all. I resigned and made my way north to El Paso. Again I met Sam Dreben. He was no longer working for the Mexicans but had opened what was supposed to be a real estate and insurance office.

I suspect it dealt in ammunition as a side line.

One day Sam, Jack Noonan, and I had been across the river in Juárez and were returning to El Paso. We were stopped and questioned at the bridge by a new customs guard.

"O'Reilly, I know who you are, but"—he turned to Noonan—"who are you?"

"My name is Noonan," Jack replied.

"And who are you?" he demanded of Sam.

"My name is O'Dreben," Sam told him. "I'm a Palestine Irishman."

Puzzled, Inspector Murphy waved for us to pass on.

IN parting, Sam and I agreed that we were both through with this war stuff. He had made many friends in El Paso and was making fair money. I went to Chicago. It was not long before the bugles were blowing again.

Pancho Villa had been defeated for the first time by General Alvaro Obregon. Sullenly he retreated northward. His army melted away until he found himself in Sonora with only a fragment of his original force. He attacked the town of Agua Prieta, where he was again defeated, this time by a man who was climbing to leadership, General Plutarco Elias Calles, later president and still the strong man of Mexico.

In disorganized detachments Villa's army came back across the mountains into Chihuahua.

Then came the raid on Columbus, New Mexico. Villa's soldiers shot up the town and killed many American citizens. Villa has told me personally that he was not in the Columbus raid; but it did not matter—his men were guilty.

Public opinion flared up in the United States, and President Wilson was forced to act. An American force was organized, General Pershing was placed in command and ordered to "Get Villa, dead or alive." Sam Dreben promptly abandoned his career as a business man, and went to General Pershing and offered his services. He was promptly employed as a scout. Once more he was following the war trail in old Mexico.

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*How a lucky speculation in copper made Sam rich—for the time being—how in France with the Thirty-sixth Division he repeatedly covered himself with glory, and how in Paris during the Armistice celebration he socked a Russian Grand Duke in the jaw, will appear in next week's installment of Tex O'Reilly's account of him.*

## TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

1—What is the meaning of the suffix -ology?

2—Where is the line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave"?

3—When were adhesive postage stamps first used in the United States?

4—What is a syndic?

5—Who was Aphrodite?

6—What is a fiord?

7—When was the magnetic compass first known in Europe?

8—In what book was Augustus Snodgrass a leading character?

9—How did the name stateroom come to be used for boat cabins?

10—What is the Decalogue?

11—Where and what is Nepal?

12—What is meant by "the right of eminent domain"?

13—Who was the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin?

14—How hot is the sun?

15—What is the meaning of the word eureka?

16—From what character in mythology does morphine derive its name?

17—The adjective coniferous refers to what type of trees?

18—What is a parasite?

19—What Greek astronomer about 200 B. C. taught that the earth was a sphere?

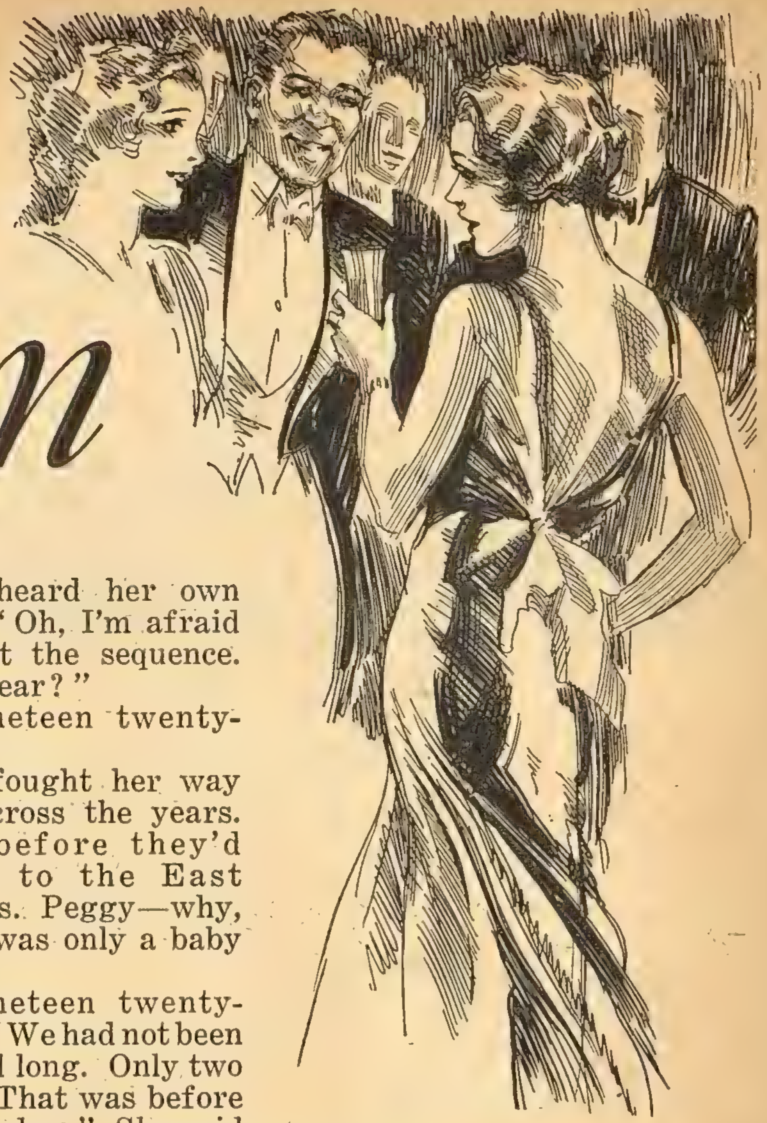
20—Who, and in what year, discovered Canada?

*(Answers will be found on page 46)*

### *A Short Short Story*

### By MacKINLAY KANTOR

# *Symposium*



*(Reading time: 5 minutes 4 seconds.)*

EVEN while she dressed, even while she rode in her limousine with the last frost of the year hissing outside, even while she was lifted in the bronze elevator which carried people to Ena Woodman's penthouse, Pauline Travis knew that this was the last festival she would ever celebrate with her husband.

Now, with the party hours old, she could look across the long room and see him bending over Ena. She thought, "I've lost him. To her. After the divorce I must never let Peggy know how cruel it is for a child to lose her father."

Old Colonel Bigby was talking interminably in her ear. She thought: It isn't beauty alone. I have as much beauty as Ena.

The hostess tapped an ice cube against her glass until she had everybody's attention. "Parlor games, good people. How's that? A symposium of past New Year's Eves, with a prize for the best." Slim, her velvet shoulders snowy above the tight embrace of black and silver, Ena counted. "Sixteen of us. That can carry all the way back to the war, can't it?"

The cool allegro of the piano grew softer. "If Sarcoff will forget his interlude," Ena begged.

Sarcoff stood up, waving. "December thirty-one, nineteen thirty-two. The lonely Sarcoff in Buenos Aires, and not a soul does he know! And I have a toothache. The Argentine dentist, he come to my room to treat my awful tooth."

"You won't win my most precious glittery scarf with that tale, Boris," Ena declared. She lifted the sheath of chromium higher on her shoulders. The quick turn of her head, the little unspoken laugh. That's for Ivan, Pauline said to herself. If it had not been for what he calls success, I might still have—

"Francesca," ordered the hostess, "you expound to us about nineteen thirty-one."

The little comtesse hugged herself. "It is Tangier—wiz friends. Zere is a true moon of Oriental—and a mos' attractive young Viennese—and I believe *some* danced zat night, but not we!"

Pauline looked at her husband. He was watching Ena. Silver and satin, hair like a black plum, pale lips.

Charley Marman choked over his cointreau. "Next, am I? Hm-m—nineteen-thirty—let's see. Yes. The bad times were upon us, and how!" He chuckled. "Maud and I had a few people in for dinner—went to a show, saw something or other—had a bite of supper, I don't remember where. Then we went home. Happy New Year!"

Ena frowned. "How utterly stupid, Charley!"

"Isn't he?" cried Maud. "What a version! It really was a nice evening."

Pauline thought, Ivan, Ivan, look at me! Once you could not look away from me. She heard voices, high, low, mottled, fresh laughter.

Nineteen twenty-nine. The first New Year's after the smash. Nineteen twenty-eight. "Boys and girls," declared Cass Hallerton, "I attended a *party* that year."

Nineteen twenty-seven. This was a long century in which old Colonel Bigby muttered on amiably. People laughed. They were all looking at her. "Your turn, Pauline," Ena was saying.

She heard her own voice: "Oh, I'm afraid I've lost the sequence. What year?"

"Nineteen twenty-three."

She fought her way back across the years. Long before they'd moved to the East Eighties. Peggy—why, Peggy was only a baby then.

"Nineteen twenty-three? We had not been married long. Only two years. That was before Ivan made—" She said lightly, "We were very poor." She raised her eyes and tried to find his face. But there was a veiling mist in which no face appeared.

"We lived down in the Village. Peggy was only a few weeks old, and she'd had the colic ever since she was born. She cried all day and most of the night. Ivan was still working on his hydraulic-brake plans, and the baby's crying drove him half crazy. Finally, on New Year's Eve, we had a doctor come."

It was as if Ivan's face began to take shape in that low-lit murk, but she could not be certain. "The doctor said that the baby could be cured by giving her a certain prescription before each feeding. He left the written formula. It would cost two dollars and a half. After he was gone we counted up. We had seventy-eight cents."

The room was very quiet; her voice echoed and echoed.

"Ivan had a cold; he didn't dare go out. I left him with the baby and went down to the drug store. It was snowing—all the stage effects, you see. I persuaded the pharmacist to take my wedding ring as a pledge until we paid for the prescription. There was no one from whom we could borrow; our friends were as poor as we. But I did get the medicine, and Ivan redeemed the ring a week later. And that night the baby slept. It really was a Happy New Year. Nineteen twenty-three," she said.

There was a long silence. The haze faded, but she could see Ivan, and he was looking at her.

Very slowly Ena slipped her scarf down around Pauline's shoulders. "Apparently you win, my dear," she was saying.

ON the way home Ivan sat with his arms around Pauline. When the car stopped for a red light, he began to chuckle.

"About the wedding ring and prescription—you've forgotten, you precious ape, and it's just come to me. That was early in December. Look—I got my first big advance check on the brake two days after Christmas. We paid debts and bought clothes and went out for New Year's Eve dinner. Don't you remember?"

She began to whisper, "My word! How did I ever make such a mistake?"

But he bent down to kiss her and saved her from another lie.

THE END

# HARDSH

# BATTL

# and CO

## Another Film of the Far North; Joe E
## Little New in Racket Pictures; and Ann

*Mala, the native hero, and Peter Freuchen, who wrote the book from which Eskimo was adapted.*

*(Reading time: 6 minutes 57 seconds.)*

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 star means fairly good. | 3 stars, excellent. |
| 2 stars, good. | 4 stars, extraordinary. |

### ★★★ ESKIMO

THE PLAYERS: Native Eskimos. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

THE hero of this picture, Mala, contradicts the theory that the principal vexations of life in the Far North are polar bears and frozen toes. His troubles start when he lends his wife to a fur trader who mistreats her and then allows her to wander off across the snow, where one of his assistants shoots her, under the impression that she is a seal. Mala, the best huntsman of his tribe, harpoons the fur trader and returns to his village. There, troubled by remorse, he changes his name and starts life all over again with two new wives, borrowed from a friend.

Everything might have turned out well for Mala if at this point he had not made the mistake of rescuing the two white men whom he finds freezing to death outside his igloo. It turns out that they are members of the Northwest Mounted Police, planning to arrest him for murder. Mala is foolish enough to let them do it. This leads to a jail break, a race across the snow in which Mala keeps up his strength by eating the personnel of his dog team, and, finally, a trip across the arctic straits on a cake of drifting ice.

As you can surmise from these suggestions, Eskimo is no masterpiece as a story—although Mala's mishaps are considerably more exciting in pictures than they are in print. On the other hand, as a spectacle and as a first-hand report of life among the Eskimos, it is superb. The best scenes in the picture have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the story at all. They are: a hunt for walruses, with close-ups that give you the impression that one or two walruses mistook the camera for a fish and tried to swallow it; a whale hunt, in which the whale upsets a kayak with his tail; and a stampede of caribou, ending when the herd rushes into the water, where Eskimos harpoon them.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spent a million and a half dollars on this picture. A crew of forty-two cameramen and technicians, including Robert Freuchen, who wrote the book from which the picture was adapted, the chef of the Roosevelt Hotel in Los Angeles, and half a dozen airplane pilots spent ten months on location making it. Mala, the hero, is an Eskimo but not, like his companions in the cast, a wild one. He came to Hollywood a year or two ago as a cameraman, joined the expedition as a guide, and got the lead when he proved to be a better actor than any of the natives who were tested for the part. He is also, incidentally, a better actor than most of the white men who appear in the cast—notably Freuchen as the fur trader and Van Dyke as the police captain.

The principal faults in Eskimo are the facts that snow has been photographed, albeit never so ably, many times before; and that its story, however authentic it may be, emerges as a not particularly inspired melodrama. Its merit lies in the fact that, apart from the scenes already mentioned, the atmosphere in the picture is so convincing that you are likely to feel frostbite coming on by the time Mala reaches his third wife. Things to look for: A fight between two caribou, locked together by their horns, while the rest of the herd rushes past them; Mala's encounter with a wolf when they are both looking for a meal.

### ★★½ SON OF A SAILOR

THE PLAYERS: Joe E. Brown, Jean Muir, Thelma Todd, Johnny Mack Brown, Frank McHugh, George Blackwood, Sheila Terry, Arthur Vinton, Mildred Dixon, June Glory, and others. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

Whether you like this picture or not will depend entirely on whether you like Joe E. Brown. He appears in almost every sequence, waving his upper lip, yawning like a crocodile, hooting sadly to express defeat, snoring through a harmonica, and playing with a pair of baby shoes. The shoes have been tucked into his blouse by one of his shipmates to embarrass him during a shore leave. Brown finds them invaluable as a social asset. Every girl who sees them grows sentimental immediately, except the daughter of an admiral, who recognizes them as a pair which she, for reasons unexplained, has

*Mildred Dixon, Joe E. Brown, and June Glory in a scene from the amusing film, Son of a Sailor.*

# PS,
# SHIPS,
# URTSHIPS

By
BEVERLY
HILLS

## rown as a Bashful Sailor; Something a rding as a Sentiment-Seeking Surgeon

given to her fiancé. What happens when she takes Brown home to dinner and assigns the butler to preventing him from leaving you should be able to guess if you have ever seen a Joe Brown comedy before. But there are a few new tricks in Son of a Sailor. One is the unintelligible language which Brown resorts to in moments of embarrassment. Another is his descent in a parachute to the deck of an obsolete battleship being used as a target for bombing practice.

### ★★ BLOOD MONEY

THE PLAYERS: George Bancroft, Judith Anderson, Frances Dee, Chick Chandler, George Regas, and others. Directed by Rowland Brown.

There is one character in this picture (played by Frances Dee) who, so far as we know, is entirely new to the movies. She is a pretty and polite débutante with an insatiable appetite for the underworld. She begins by shoplifting, makes passes at the bondsman who bails her out when she gets arrested, and then leaves him for a chipper young bond thief. These activities are by no means enough for her. At the end of the picture, when she had made trouble for every one concerned out of her enthusiasm for life in the raw, she answers a want ad for a model because she hopes that the advertiser will turn out to be a lower character than any she has yet encountered.

Aside from this engaging little specimen, Blood Money does not offer anything particularly novel in its pattern or its personnel. It is straight racket melodrama about the bail-bond business, with George Bancroft, making a comeback after a year and a half, as an influential bondsman, and Judith Anderson, making her screen début, as his sweetheart at times when he is not engaged in pursuing Frances Dee. It is part of the pattern of every adequate racket picture to provide at least one suggestion for a new technique in murder. In this one you will enjoy watching George Bancroft play a game of rotation pool in which the eight-ball is packed with high explosives.

*George Bancroft reappears in Blood Money, the bail-racket film. With him is Judith Anderson.*

*The Right to Romance features Ann Harding as a surgeon. Robert Young's her playboy husband.*

### ★★ THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza, Irving Pichel, Helen Freeman, Alden Chase, Delmar Watson. Directed by Alfred Santel.

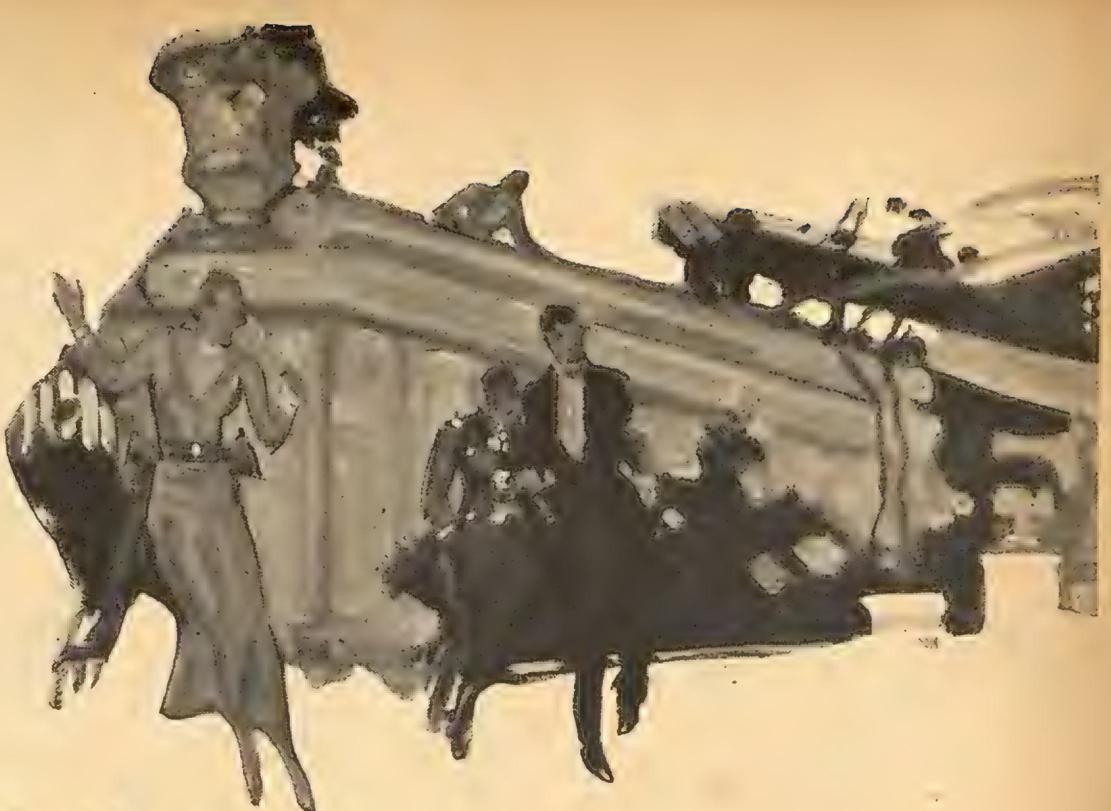
"I forgot that I was grown up" is one of Ann Harding's lines in The Right to Romance, and it serves fairly well as a statement of the plot. She is a successful lady surgeon who, suddenly appalled by the idea that there is not enough romance in her life, rushes to California and marries a playboy (Robert Young) whose principal occupation seems to be frightening his friends by doing stunts in an airplane. There is a kind-hearted young doctor (Nils Asther) who is in love with Ann Harding. There is a playgirl (Sari Maritza) who appears to enjoy doing barrel rolls with Robert Young. By the time these four are lined up in satisfactory pairs you may have grown a little weary of that assiduous charm which is Ann Harding's unvarying contribution to every picture in which she appears. Sample situation: Ann Harding, when she has just decided to marry Robert Young, afraid to embrace him because she has just dipped her paws in antiseptic.

### FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark.

★★★—Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord.

Death Crashes a Dance and
Diplomacy Saves a Reputation—
Here's a Stirring New Mystery
Story of the American
Black Chamber



# The Beautiful Secret Agent

*"Find the man with the black shoe laces," she mumbled; then sank back into unconsciousness.*

*(Reading time: 25 minutes 30 seconds.)*

WHEN Nathaniel Greenleaf returned to his office after testifying at the secret trial of Werner Rodiger, an Austrian spy, one of his agents handed him a report from the British Secret Service.

> We are informed that Senhorita Elisa Neves de Assumpcao is a German spy, trained at the German espionage school at Antwerp and sent to the United States to assist in the destruction of the Panama Canal. She is well known in diplomatic circles in Washington. Her number is Q-13. Our informant was unable to obtain a sample of her secret ink, but believes that she carries it impregnated in a white scarf.

The report ended with a list of cover addresses which she would use for receiving and sending mail.

Greenleaf stretched his long legs, lit a cigarette, and sat gazing at the picture of the girl who looked back at him with wide dancing eyes.

"She's beautiful, Bill," he said.

"I'll tell the world," Blane replied, his round face breaking into a grin.

"What do you know about her?" Greenleaf asked.

"Not much, except that all the budding diplomats is nuts about her," Blane said. "She lives at the Kensington Arms," he added, "and will be at the Blakeslee blowout tonight."

Greenleaf looked at the ceiling and pursed his lips. "See that my name is added to the guest list," he said. "I think I'd like to meet this girl."

Blane's little eyes traveled the length of Greenleaf's rangy figure to his dark hair touched with gray. "She might fall for you at that, chief," he hazarded.

Nathaniel Greenleaf stood just within the entrance to the ballroom, talking with the French ambassador and watching the colorful dancers. The military decorations and gold braid of foreign officers glittered in the subdued lights, in contrast to the drab American khaki and black-and-white civilian dress. His eyes followed the sparkling sequins of a white scarf draped over the dark bare shoulders of a slender girl dressed in red. A glittering comb was embedded in her straight luxuriant black hair. She was dancing with a young civilian, and when she turned, Greenleaf caught her flashing round eyes.

"My secretary has an eye for beauty," the ambassador said, following his companion's glance.

"Not an unusual trait in a countryman of yours, I take it." Greenleaf smiled faintly. Then, "I haven't met her. Who is she?"

"The daughter of a wealthy Brazilian coffee planter. Her sister married a German officer before the war, and she has just come back from a visit to Germany and is turning half the heads in Washington." The music stopped and the ambassador signaled to the secretary, a handsome young man with a smart mustache.

"Senhorita Assumpcão," said the ambassador, "may I present Nathaniel Greenleaf. Though he lives in Washington and is a distinguished member of the National Research Council, he has the temerity to ask who you are. I apologize for him, but then, you see, he is deeply engrossed in chemistry."

She smiled, showing a red nervous mouth.

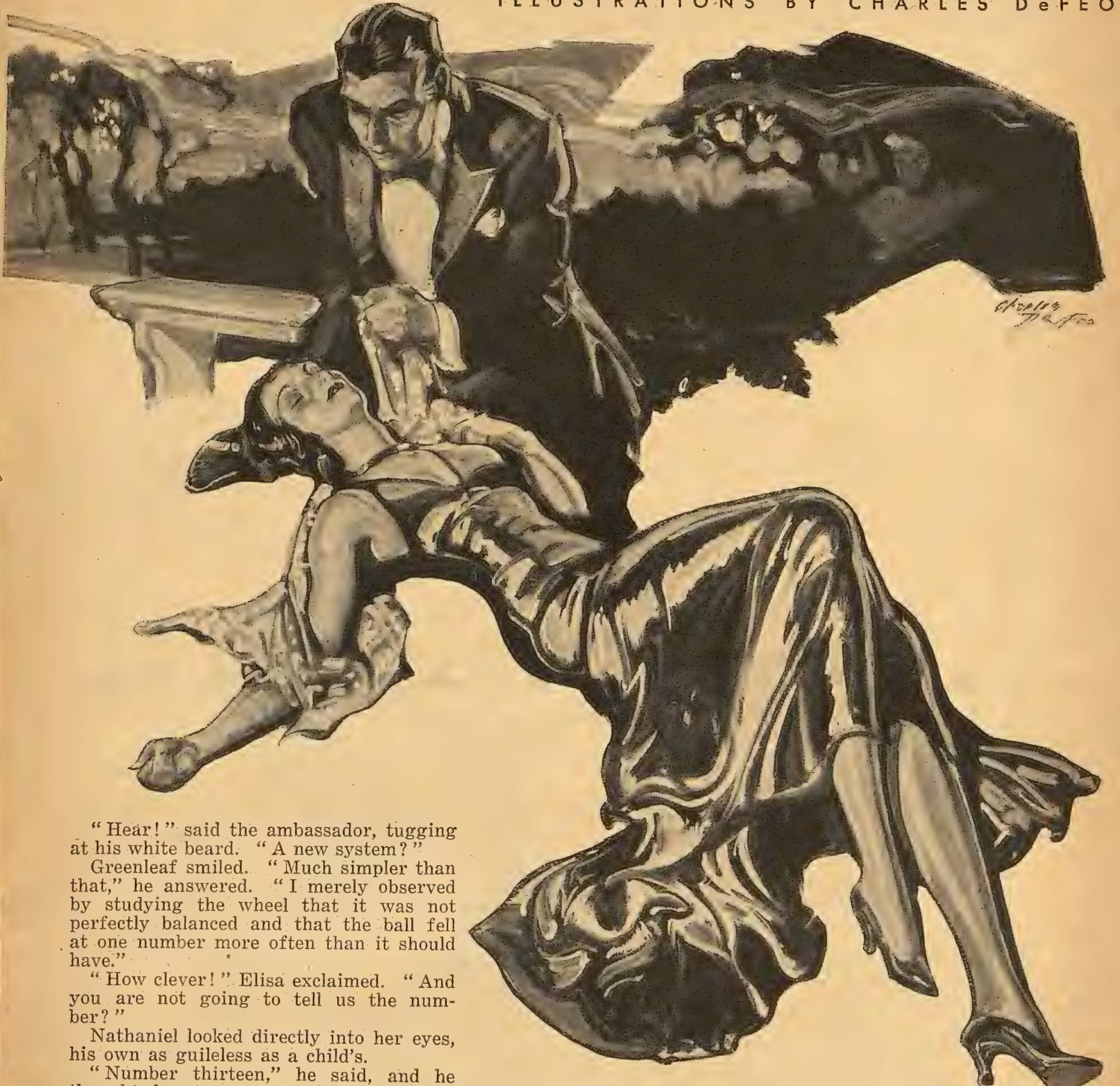
"But I know of you," she laughed up at Greenleaf in a deep husky voice. "I saw you the other night, and you weren't engrossed in chemistry then. Think of it, Mr. Ambassador, he actually won ten thousand dollars at roulette. It is a pleasure to meet one with such luck."

"You do me an injustice, my dear young lady," Greenleaf answered. "It was not I who was lucky; it was the Casino; I really should have won more."

Elisa laughed outright at his melancholy air.

By MAJOR HERBERT O. YARDLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DeFEO



"Hear!" said the ambassador, tugging at his white beard. "A new system?"

Greenleaf smiled. "Much simpler than that," he answered. "I merely observed by studying the wheel that it was not perfectly balanced and that the ball fell at one number more often than it should have."

"How clever!" Elisa exclaimed. "And you are not going to tell us the number?"

Nathaniel looked directly into her eyes, his own as guileless as a child's.

"Number thirteen," he said, and he thought her eyes narrowed. He added quickly, "Though it may not repeat again."

"In that case you must join us later and show us how to win."

"That sounds intriguing," he replied. Then, as a dreamy waltz floated from the palms, "Shall we dance?"

He placed his arm around her waist, and saw her glance at her jeweled wrist watch as he whirled her away. He lowered his eyes to see her moist lips slightly open, smiling up at him. He smiled back, recalling how he had been duped by the nihilist, Olga; and this girl was almost as seductive as that spy.

The music stopped. "You dance divinely, Mr. Greenleaf," she said in a low voice.

Then she excused herself with "Until later," and for a moment was lost in the crowd. Then he saw the glittering sequins as she stepped out a side entrance.

Greenleaf followed to the stone walk that skirted the mansion, and in the moonlight saw her steal across the terrace and disappear through the shrubbery. He wandered to the edge of the pool, paused, and watched the shimmering light on the water, uncertain whether to follow. He struck a match to light a cigarette, and suddenly dropped it as two pistol shots came from the shadows. Then the terrified scream of a woman turned his heart cold. Two more reports followed. He dashed through the shrubbery and almost stumbled across two figures that lay near a stone bench. From the sparkling sequins he recognized Elisa. He stooped to see the other, a man, and started as he recognized Captain Smedley, the Director of Naval Intelligence, his face cast in death. He felt of the girl's feeble pulse and as he did so she opened her eyes for a moment. Nathaniel lowered his head.

"Who was it?" he said in a steady voice.

"Find the man with black shoe laces," she mumbled, then sank back into unconsciousness.

The mansion was in an uproar; voices called here and there in the grounds. Greenleaf, though he felt like a ghoul, slipped her small beaded bag from her arm and drew the white scarf, now streaked with crimson, from her shoulder and hurriedly stuffed both in his evening coat.

In a moment a crowd had gathered around him. "Is there a doctor here?" he asked, and a chubby figure stepped forward.

Nathaniel pushed the crowd back, and some one ran to call an ambulance. It seemed ages before Greenleaf heard the siren, followed by a police car. He reassured himself that the girl was still alive, and as two puffy detectives climbed from the police car, he slipped back to the house and telephoned Blane and the Commissioner of Police. A few minutes later all three were engaged in conversation within the Black Chamber.

"My theory," offered the commissioner, "is that Smedley was a traitor under her influence, and that when both the girl and he had served the purpose of the German Secret Service, they were decoyed and shot in cold blood."

"What do you suppose she meant when she said, 'Find the man with black shoe laces'?" Blane asked.

"The only relation of shoe laces to espionage that I know of," answered Nathaniel, "is that sometimes spies carry their secret ink impregnated in them. But all this is mere speculation," he said impatiently. "Let us stick to the facts as we know them. The British report she is a German spy, sent here to assist in the destruction of the Panama Canal. For the moment I'm not interested in murder cases except as they relate to German espionage. This is a bigger thing than murder. The destruction of the Panama Canal will affect the prosecution of the war, and we've got to find out who her superiors are.

"IF we can recover some of the girl's correspondence and develop the secret writing, we may discover something. And if it is true, as the commissioner suggests, that Captain Smedley was under her influence, she doubtless corresponded with him as well as with others. And since they probably used secret writing, they have their ink concealed somewhere. So our search is narrowed to two things—letters and secret ink." He paused and looked at the commissioner. "I suggest that you take Blane with you and come back with the clothing that both wore when they were shot, and any papers you can lay your hands on." He took out the blood-soaked scarf and beaded purse from his pocket. "In the meantime I'll examine these for secret ink," he concluded, and, opening the bag, tossed a key to Blane.

Greenleaf pushed a button concealed beneath his desk and the bookcase to his right swung slowly toward him, revealing a passage to the adjoining building which was camouflaged as a furrier's shop. Blane and the commissioner stepped through the opening and the books fell into place.

Greenleaf then opened a door to the rear and switched on the lights, disclosing two workbenches and several glass cases where were scattered varicolored test tubes, chemicals, and strange-looking instruments. One glass cabinet held a spectroscope, an imposing instrument with brass tubes converging at different angles. This he placed on a workbench, lit the gas Bunsen burner and flame illuminating the micrometer scale. He now placed the scarf in the holder and bent his eye to the telescope and made several adjustments, while he carefully examined the reflected spectrum. He shook his head doubtfully and opened the beaded bag and took out a white lace handkerchief and submitted it to the same test. A happy smile flooded his face as he squinted through the telescope.

"I thought so," he murmured to himself and, stripping off his coat, prepared for a series of experiments to determine the chemical composition of the secret ink impregnated in the handkerchief. This he at last discovered. He then dipped the handkerchief in distilled water and squeezed out the colorless liquid, which he used for ink as he wrote on several different sheets of paper. He began a search for a developer, and had almost completed his experiments when he was interrupted by a bell, announcing that some one had entered the adjoining building.

Greenleaf hastened to his office in time to see the bookcase swing open. Blane and the commissioner stepped within. The latter opened a suitcase jammed with clothing. "We won't need those now," Greenleaf told him. "I have discovered her secret ink in her handkerchief; also a developer. Did you find any papers?"

Blane said that there were none in her apartment.

"The Navy is in a stew, and I could get nothing there without tipping my hand," the commissioner said. "But

I had better luck at Smedley's home, though his wife was pretty reluctant to give up anything." He pulled a package of papers from his pocket and tossed them on the desk. Greenleaf immediately began to examine them.

The commissioner wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his hand. "Those stairs get my wind," he complained. "Say, I got a real clue at the Navy Department," he went on. "There's one fellow over there who believes in passing out information, but very secret, you understand. He told me that they had found a memorandum in Smedley's safe from the British, obviously the same as you received. Now here's the secret: Captain Smedley told no one about this report. He prepared for no investigation. Why? Because, as I told you before, Smedley was in league with that woman."

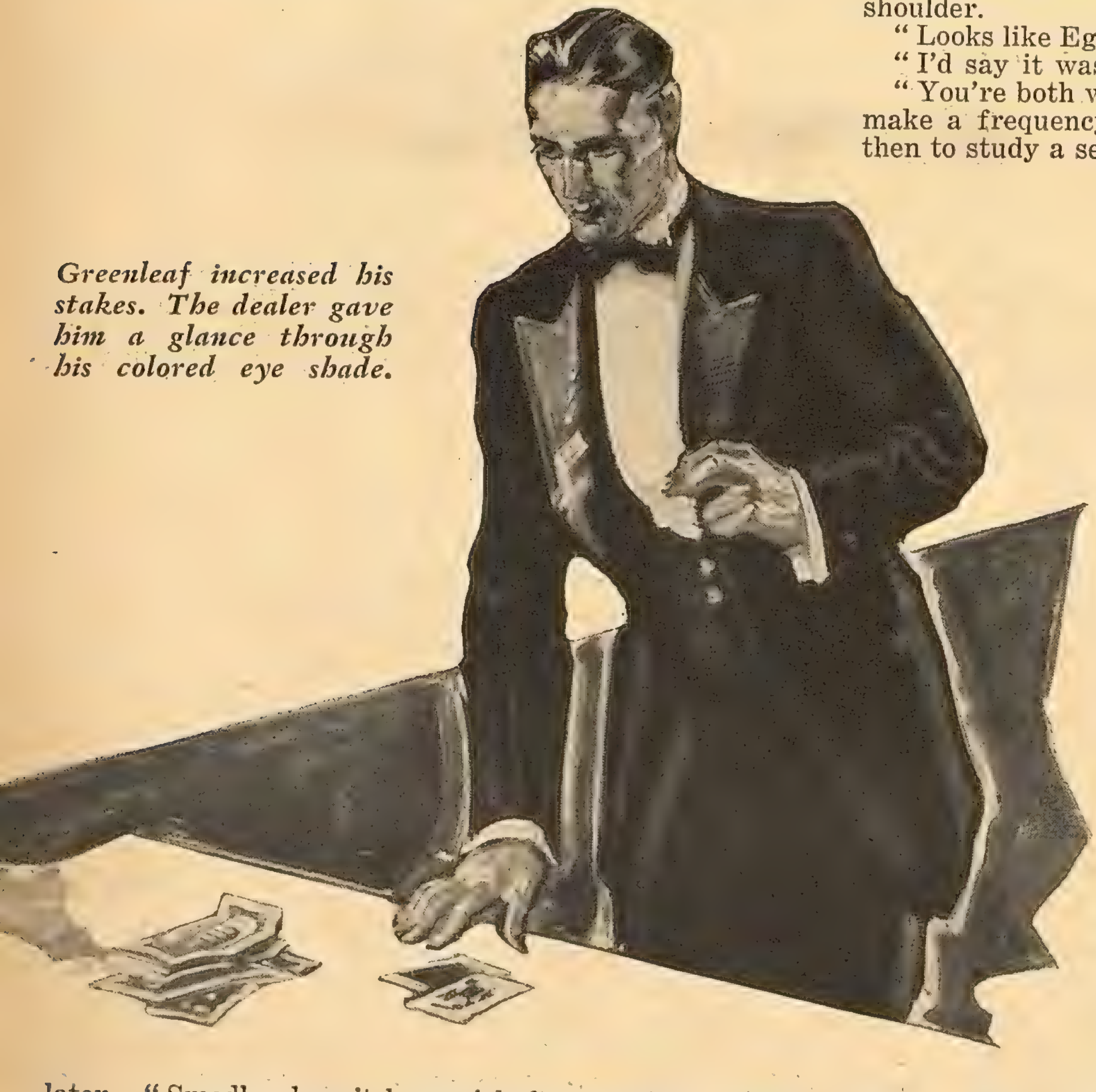
Greenleaf lifted his head to look at the commissioner, frowned, and returned to his search among the papers. For the most part they were of a business nature—a real-estate deed, a note for one thousand dollars, correspondence with Smedley's lawyer about the settlement of his father's estate, and a few letters from his relatives about the same matter.

A LETTER postmarked Washington and dated just three days earlier attracted Greenleaf's attention. It was a gossipy note of no consequence and signed William, but the handwriting looked suspiciously feminine. He held it parallel to the light, but it showed no signs of hidden writing. Then his heart skipped a beat as he read the postscript:

> PS. Sure sorry that you have a cold. Why don't you try some of that medicine I gave you?

"See if Smedley had a cold three days ago," he told Blane, and disappeared into the laboratory.

The commissioner and Blane followed a few moments later. "Smedley hasn't been sick for months," the latter said.



*Greenleaf increased his stakes. The dealer gave him a glance through his colored eye shade.*

"I'm not surprised," returned Greenleaf, who held the folded letter in one hand and was streaking it with a brush dipped in a yellow liquid that he had prepared.

"Take a look," he said, and they crowded closer and watched faint characters appear between the lines of the letter. Then suddenly, as if by magic, the symbols faded away.

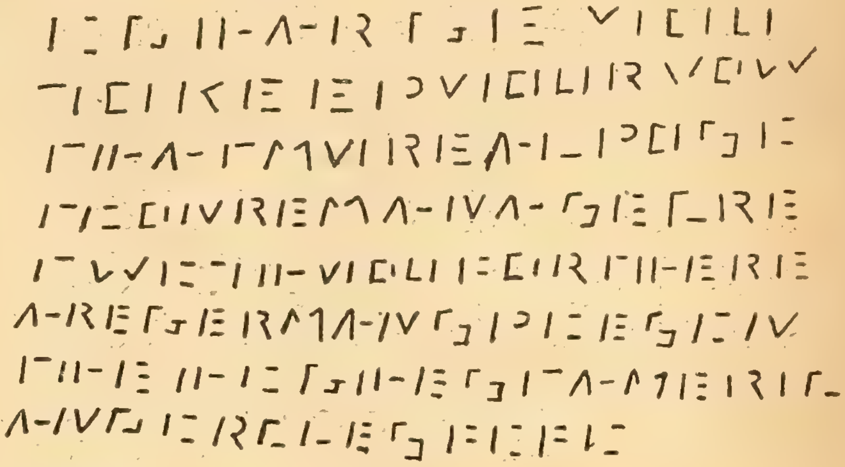
"Henry isn't here," Greenleaf said. "I'll have to play photographer." He then dipped the entire letter in a pan of chemicals which brought the secret writing to life again.

"Can you read it?" Blane asked eagerly.

"No, but it shouldn't offer much difficulty."

They watched him photograph the letter and develop the plates, and all returned to the office, where Greenleaf sat down and carefully studied the photographs.

He turned to the last page to look for a signature in cipher, but found none. To simplify his study of the secret writing, Greenleaf covered up the legible lines of the letter, leaving the fourth page looking like this:



"It's one of the most curious documents I've ever seen," Greenleaf finally remarked.

The commissioner and Blane were looking over his shoulder.

"Looks like Egyptian hieroglyphics," suggested Blane.

"I'd say it was Yiddish," the commissioner said.

"You're both wrong." Greenleaf smiled and began to make a frequency of each character, pausing now and then to study a sequence of symbols. For a half hour or more he continued to make notes, his face in a deep study. Finally he tossed the photographs in a wire basket. "Looks simple enough, but I can't read it; guess I'm too tired to think straight," he said. "Besides, I want to do a little investigating myself." He turned to Blane. "I'll pick you up at Fifteenth and H, North East. Commissioner, I'll telephone if anything turns up. You'll be glad to get away and square yourself with the newspaper reporters."

"A fine chance," grumbled the commissioner, "since you have sworn me to secrecy."

GREENLEAF ordered his chauffeur to the curb, and Blane climbed in. "What's up, chief?" he asked.

"Nothing, except that some of Miss Assumpcão's friends were to go to the Casino. I'd like to look them over, though they may not show up because of the shooting."

Across the District line in Maryland they swung down a side street into the grounds of an old estate. The mansion was in total darkness, but at a signal a small slot in the door opened, then closed. After a few moments' delay a chain rattled and the door opened into a dimly lighted vestibule. From there they were admitted to the interior.

They checked their things and strolled through the lower rooms where a few guests lounged, smoking and drinking; and continued to the bar and glanced about while they drank a highball. Then they mounted the winding stairs.

The large gaming room was close and blue with smoke, crowded with men and women, most of whom were in evening clothes.

"Guess they're not here," Greenleaf remarked, after they had wandered from one gaming table to another. "I think I'll play a little black jack," he added, and squeezed his way to the board.

He played for small stakes and won and lost with regularity, but Blane sensed from his melancholy abstraction that he was still attempting to solve the cipher.

Suddenly Greenleaf turned and whispered, "Telephone the Brazilian embassy, pose as a newspaper reporter, and ask if Miss Assumpcão is ever called Fifi."

When Blane returned, Greenleaf led him to one side. "Fifi is a pet name her friends use," Blane told him.

"Good. Now telephone the commissioner to place an armed guard in her room at the hospital at once; I'm afraid another attempt will be made to murder her." His gray eyes softened. "Also find out how she is. Tell the commissioner I'll explain tomorrow—nothing more can be done tonight." Blane turned to follow these directions, but Greenleaf called him back. "When you come back," he said, "I may drop a card on the floor. I want you to pick it up."

Greenleaf returned to the table and increased his stakes to one hundred dollars and closely watched the bald-headed dealer, who gave him a cold glance through his colored eye shade. Greenleaf lost and won three times. He turned to find Blane at his elbow.

"How is she?" he asked solicitously.

"They think she will recover, but she is still unconscious."

Greenleaf counted out ten crisp notes and placed them on the board. "One thousand dollars," he said.

The dealer shook his head. "The limit is five hundred," he said in a dull tone.

"My last play," Nathaniel answered. "You may disregard the rule of sixteen."

"Very well," the even voice came back. A murmur arose along the table and all other players dropped out.

The dealer flicked one card down to Greenleaf and one down to himself; then an up card to each. Both the faced cards were kings, counting ten. Greenleaf peeked at his hole card, and Blane stooped to see the trey of diamonds, a total of thirteen. Blane gave a little gasp when Greenleaf, without hesitation, said, "I stand."

The dealer threw Greenleaf a sharp look and turned over his hole card, the four of spades.

"Fourteen," he droned, stifling a yawn.

"That wins," Greenleaf said, and without changing his expression awkwardly dropped the trey to the floor.

HE was in a specially good humor as they entered the waiting car. "That dealer should be a member of the Black Chamber," he told Blane.

"Here's that trey of diamonds," Blane answered, handing him the card he had recovered from the floor. "What do you want with it? And why didn't you draw to thirteen? No wonder you lost."

Greenleaf smiled. "I was experimenting," he said. "By watching the dealer I believe I made a new discovery for finding impregnated inks when the basis is silver. I'm sure the cards were marked, for the dealer would have drawn to fourteen if he had not known that my concealed card was a trey. My guess is that they are marked with silver, which, though invisible to the naked eye, fluoresces when seen through the chemically treated colored shade he wore over his eyes. If that is so, I have an idea we'll find the German spy back of the murder and the plot to destroy the Panama Canal."

They returned to the city in silence, and Blane alighted at Sixteenth and H Streets, N. E. A newsboy ran toward him. "Paper, mister?" he shouted. "All about the big moider!" Blane bought the morning editions and scanned the headlines as he passed them inside the car to Greenleaf.

"That scandal sheet has a hot line," he said. "'Naval Intelligence Officer Murdered. Young Society Beauty Shot in Love Tangle. Wife Has Alibi.'"

Greenleaf chuckled. "That's one we overlooked," he said. "See you in a moment."

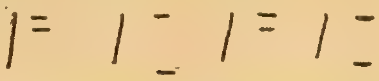
The car drew away, and Blane hailed a cruising taxi.

Greenleaf had just opened the safe when Blane appeared through the secret opening to the adjoining building. They both went to the laboratory, thence to a small dark room. Here Greenleaf punched a button and a circle of violet rays flooded a table in the center. "We'll see how good a guesser I am," he said, taking the trey of diamonds from his pocket and placing it face down beneath the beams. As he did so, a figure 3 at the four corners of the card glowed like white fire.

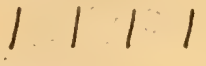
"That black-jack dealer has imagination." He stood in the semidarkness, lost in thought. "You know, Blane," he finally said, "that is the greatest discovery we have made in weeks."

He switched off the ultra-violet-ray machine, returned to his office, and picked up the cipher photographs. "Here," he said. "I'll show you how stupid we can be sometimes."

He then scribbled several characters on a pad:

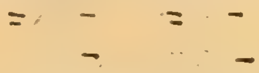


"These are the last eight characters on the last page," he explained. "See the repetition of the vertical lines?" he asked, drawing them:



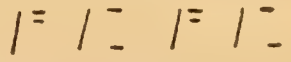
"Sure. But what of it?"

"Now look at the four groups of horizontal lines," Greenleaf said, continuing to write:



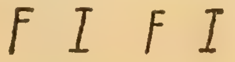
"I'm looking, but I don't see nothing." Blane frowned. He passed his short hand over his brow. "Ciphers always give me a headache," he complained.

"You don't see," Greenleaf smiled, "simply because you are looking for something difficult. That was my trouble. Now I'll draw the last eight characters again. Remember, it is the signature":

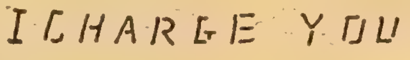


Blane examined the symbols for a moment, and scratched his head. "That's too deep for me, chief," he finally admitted.

"All right. Pull the lines together like this":



"Fifi!" proudly exclaimed Blane, the folds in his face quivering. "Here, let me have that photograph!" he cried, and grabbed a pencil. "I want to see if I can work it out so I can show it to my kid. He's nuts about ciphers." He then slowly spelled out the first line, biting his tongue between his teeth at each stroke of the pencil:



He surveyed his crude drawing and threw down his pencil in disgust. "That's too damned slow. Tell me what it says."

Greenleaf chuckled, picked up the photographs, and, though the cipher had an error here and there, began to read in the order of the numbered pages:

"We must not attempt further conversation. It is too dangerous. But correspondence will be safe in the secret ink I gave you. Only one other person has it, the man who has charge of the Panama Canal plot.

"He carries the ink impregnated in black shoe laces which I bought from Antwerp and delivered through his agent. The Germans have implicit faith in me,

"but they have delayed establishing contact with my superior because of extreme secrecy with which plan is surrounded. I am to contact this man at the Blakeslee party and receive final instructions. Then I go to Panama to make contact there.

"I charge you to keep your vow that my real position remain a secret with you, for there are German spies in the highest American circles. Fifi."

Blane blinked his little eyes when he grasped the significance of the cipher letter. "So that's the ticket!" he exclaimed. "She's an American instead of a German spy—but trained by the Germans at their school for espionage at Antwerp. She'll have a tale or two to tell. Pretty nervy, I'd say. And she was even clever enough to fool the British," he added.

"Yes, but not clever enough to fool her German superiors here. Her communications with Captain Smedley were doubtless intercepted and her true identity disclosed. Then her unknown superior decoyed them together, possibly with forged letters, in order to destroy them, and with them their secrets. She was to make contact with her superior at Mrs. Blakeslee's. Whether he actually fired the shots or not, he was doubtless present. He is the man with the black shoe laces impregnated with ink."

"It'll be a tough job to pick him out of that crowd," Blane said. "We can't very well examine the shoe laces of every one who was present."

Greenleaf suddenly whirled around. "Oh, yes, we can, Blane!" he cried. "We'll arrange one of those sudden parties for tonight. A gala affair. Let's get a few hours' sleep and begin early."

A few words in the right places set the wheels in motion for the impromptu affair at Mrs. Lakewood's. They were opening their new million-dollar estate in Chevy Chase, and not to be among the invited guests was social ostracism in Washington. Besides, Giovanni had promised to sing, and the inimitable Pavlo would give a private performance.

Greenleaf and his assistants had carefully set the stage for the climax in the huge ballroom. Pavlo was dancing and the guests straggled in from the grounds.

"Have you checked them all?" Greenleaf asked Blane.

"They're all here, chief. I hope that damned thing works."

Pavlo ended her dance amid deafening applause, and the orchestra blared Over There.

SUDDENLY the brilliant lights were switched off, leaving a shaft of colored rays that nervously shifted among the dancers and the lookers-on. Greenleaf's eyes followed the light.

Blane grasped Greenleaf's arm. "Look!" he whispered.

As the colored rays followed the feet of a slender young man, his shoe laces leaped to a phosphorescent glow.

"It's De Boise, the secretary of the French embassy!" exclaimed Blane.

There was a distressed look upon Greenleaf's face. "That complicates matters — diplomatic immunity and all that sort of thing." He frowned; then, "Keep your eye on him. I'll find the French ambassador." . . .

A half hour later the French ambassador was in the secretary's office at the embassy, pacing up and down.

"What is it, Mr. Ambassador?" asked a cool voice, and he turned to face De Boise.

"Then you got my message. We have important dispatches from Paris which I must discuss with you." The ambassador sat before the hearth, his eye on the door. De Boise dropped into a chair at his own desk. Both looked up as a butler appeared. "Come in, gentlemen," called the ambassador, and Blane and Greenleaf stepped within. "Please be seated," the ambassador continued; "we were waiting for you."

"NOW, Mr. Greenleaf," said the ambassador, "will you please go on with your story."

Greenleaf offered the secretary a cigarette. He lit one himself.

"We are looking for the murderer of Captain Smedley," he began, giving the secretary a casual glance, "and believe that Mr. de Boise holds the key to the mystery."

De Boise's hands trembled as he lit his cigarette. "I'm afraid I can't be of any help," he said.

Greenleaf cleared his throat. "Before Miss Assumpcão lost consciousness, she said, 'Find the man with black shoe laces.'"

The Frenchman attempted a smile. "Sounds very mysterious."

"Yes, it has been quite a mystery," drawled Greenleaf. "The murderer is a German spy and plans to destroy the Panama Canal. His shoe laces are impregnated with secret ink. Unless ultra-violet rays have lied to me, *your* shoe laces came from Antwerp, dipped in a solution of silver."

De Boise's face turned the color of his evening shirt. "Mr. Ambassador, this matter is easily explained. I have a communication here," he went on, opening the drawer to his desk.

As he jerked out a pistol, Greenleaf seized his wrist. There was an explosion and De Boise toppled across the desk.

Silence followed. The ambassador moved slowly to the still form. "*Tant mieux!*" he exclaimed, when he saw that his assistant was dead. Then he squared his shoulders. "Gentlemen," he said, "France breeds no traitors. Monsieur de Boise has accidentally shot himself."

A week later Elisa was moved to her apartments at the Kensington Arms. She was lying on a couch in rose negligee, a bandage around her head, when Greenleaf called on her.

"Tell me," she said smilingly, "is the Commissioner of Police reliable? He has been telling me how clever you are."

"He is given to much exaggeration," Greenleaf returned. "I doubt if you are longer in danger unless you return to Antwerp."

"I don't like Antwerp," she said. "Besides, you promised to teach me how to win at roulette."

THE END

**Mail Early: There will be no deliveries on Sunday, Dec. 24, Monday, Dec. 25.**

MRS. F. COOK
*of Verona, N. J.,*
*writes:*

"Baby's Cough soon stopped — *thanks to the Doctor's advice!"*

**● "My poor little baby coughed night after night," writes Mrs. Cook. "It was awful. Then doctor said to give her Pertussin. I did—*and it was wonderful how soon the hard cough stopped.*"**

THE tissues of your throat and bronchial tubes are kept moist and healthy by millions of glands—like tiny water faucets. But when you "catch a cold" these glands clog up.

Thick mucus collects. Your throat feels tickly—dry. You hawk and you cough, but nothing is "raised."

**To stop a cough, you must get these little moisture glands working again. *And Pertussin does just this!***

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin, doctors have found, stimulates the glands—starts up the flow of their *natural moisture.* Germ-laden phlegm loosens—your throat feels soothed and relieved. Nature, with the help of Pertussin, *has started to cure your cough!*

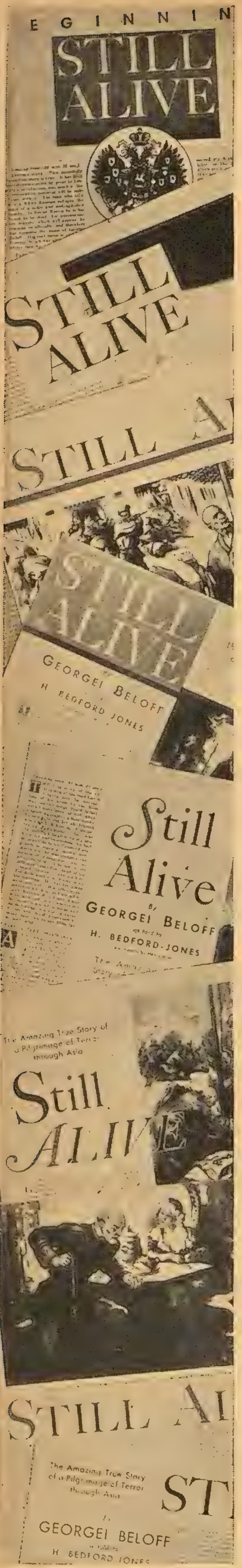
Pertussin is the extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors for years, even for the worst of all coughs. It won't upset the digestion. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs.

Won't you get a bottle of Pertussin right away?

**● BABIES NEED PERTUSSIN when they cough. And it's so safe! "I use it for my own family," one doctor writes. "It always does the work," writes another. Try it—you'll like its taste!**

**PERTUSSIN**

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . *It works safely!*



# STILL ALIVE—

## Some Lively Echoes of a Sensational Liberty Serial

*(Reading time: 12 minutes 15 seconds.)*

THAT story Liberty recently published, Still Alive—was it false or true? Did the White Russian officer who calls himself White Wings really live such incredible adventures, or was he merely spinning a tale to his American collaborator, H. Bedford-Jones?

Hundreds of letters have been received since the story was begun in Liberty—letters upbraiding, denouncing, and congratulating the author. Some writers call him a liar. Some hint they know his real identity. Some declare he is telling nothing but the truth.

All through the story, until the end, Beloff told of his search for one Petkoff, the name that was given to a general who had "basely entrapped and executed" Beloff's very dear friend Captain P. Scriabin, and another friend, Colonel Popoff.

In the last chapter of the story he said he had received indirect word from Scriabin, who was in Japan. He was coming to the United States. Beloff had found Petkoff in New York, he said. But he did not kill him, as he had threatened—could not kill him, since Scriabin was alive.

One of the first letters received—before the last installment was printed—was written by Scriabin.

> Three cheers to Liberty for printing the story Still Alive! [he wrote]. It certainly makes me feel happy to know that my best friend and pal is able to tell his story. I always knew he was born under a lucky star.

He sent a snapshot of himself, and a message to Beloff—in code—which have been duly forwarded to his "pal."

How did Scriabin and Popoff escape the executioner? Theirs may be as exciting a story as Beloff's.

Scriabin's letter came in the same mail with one from B. B. Mettler. This letter, dated July 9, and written on the stationery of "Hugo's Booterie—803 Houston St., Fort Worth, Texas," reads:

> As an officer attached to the 27th U. S. Infantry, A. E. F., Siberia, during the years 1919 and 1920, I had occasion to cover practically all the territory mentioned in Still Alive; and at the time Admiral Kolchak was executed, at Irkutsk, I was at Verkne-Udinsk, a distance of about eighty miles away, and joined the British High Commission Staff entourage on their way back to Vladivostok afterward, being a guest on this train of General Knox. . . .
>
> Also I was present in Vladivostok on November 17 and 18, 1919, when the Reds tried to capture the city. . . .
>
> Your story Still Alive certainly contains true versions of that period in the Siberian situation, and there is no question but that Georgei Beloff knows his stuff. I believe my selection of materials, pictures, etc., would make him homesick, were he to see it—but I am not sure that I would care to entertain any one that was associated with that arch-murderer Ataman Semenoff.
>
> If Georgei is the former captain of the Armored Trains Division, he no doubt will remember the attempt one of his trains made to exterminate a full company of American soldiers at Kiakhta, Siberia, about forty versts from Irkutsk, in about September, 1919. Had we not been forewarned they would have been successful. But as it was, we captured their train at the loss of several men. . . . I am curious to know what Georgei was doing at Krasnoyarsk, which was Ataman Kalmykoff's district. . . .
>
> Also I might mention I met Gypsy Lusha at Nagasaki, Japan, in 1920, traveling under the name of Mrs. Semenoff.

Boris N. Volkov, of 158 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, also wonders about those American soldiers killed in the armored train incident.

> I have been much astonished upon reading Georgei Beloff's story Still Alive in recent issues of Liberty [he writes]. I am well acquainted with the events, localities, and persons mentioned by the author, not only because I was an active participant in the civil war in Siberia, but because I have made a study of its history. . . . My sympathies are, like Mr. Beloff's, anti-Bolshevik, and it would be difficult to suspect me of prejudice.
>
> These are the points which especially struck me:
>
> *One.* You several times emphasize that you have verified the truth of the story, and as basic testimony introduce a document signed by General Bogomoletz certifying the author's identity and character. General Bogomoletz did indeed command the armored trains of Ataman Semenoff, which acquired such terrible fame. The details of his activity you will find on pages 311 and 312 of George Stewart's book, White Armies of Russia, just published by Macmillan. The author of this decidedly worth-while book describes the general as a capital criminal.
>
> Furthermore, General Bogomoletz, from all indications, has not yet cleared himself with the American government of the charge of murdering two American soldiers. In the book of the former commander of the American troops in Siberia, Major General William S. Graves—America's Siberian Adventure—you will find several pages devoted to General Bogomoletz. On page 311 General Graves writes: "I was sorry that Lieutenant Kendall, who first got hold of Bogomoletz, did not hang him to a telegraph pole."
>
> *Two.* The author, in describing with such touching words the death of his "dearest friend" Scriabin, gives a version quite different from that known to us through books and the accounts of eyewitnesses.

In fairness to Captain Scriabin, Mr. Volkov's version must be omitted. The letter continues:

> *Three.* Beloff, in explaining the origin of his fictitious surname, which according to him means in Russian "White Wings," refers to his father, "the Viceroy of Mongolia," who wore a "white Mongolian *terlik*, or cape," with "wild-swan wings," and was "a descendant of Genghis Khan."
>
> We Russians had no viceroys in Mongolia. Furthermore, the Mongolian terlik is a garment resembling the American bath robe, always tightly bound in at the waist with a sash. It could not be a "cape." Also, the rendering of the name Beloff as "White Wings" is for Russian ears both inexplicable and bizarre. "White," or perhaps "White Son," would be the normal translation.
>
> I await with interest Mr. Beloff's later adventures under Baron Ungern, the more because I had the doubtful pleasure of meeting the baron several times. . . .

In a second letter, dated August 7, Mr. Volkov adds:

> I fear I took the first installment too seriously. Upon reading later how Mr. Beloff met the slain Czarevitch, who joyfully exclaimed "Kesha!" I could not but remember the ancient Russian anecdote about the old Hebrew recounting his neighborly visit to the imperial court, armed with a herring as a gift for the Czar's family . . . and how he and the Czarina had affectionately called each other "Fasha" and "Mamasha"—Jimmy and ma.
>
> I was in Mongolia at approximately the time of which Mr. Beloff writes. My former father-in-law, Baron P. A. Witte, was still acting as Russian adviser to the Mongolian government, the post which he filled under both the imperial and provisional governments, and the only one which—by stretching a point—might be translated as "Viceroy of Mongolia," the title Beloff gives his father. There were few Russian officials in Mongolia and it would have been impossible for me not to have known Mr. Beloff's father in one way or another. I can well assure you that on this point Mr. Beloff's story, as on many others, does not correspond to the truth. . . .
>
> All in all, one may conclude that Mr. Beloff did indeed serve in the force of Ataman Semenoff, but that he served in the lesser ranks and was not well known in the service. His whole story is much confused. . . . Many participants in the Russian civil war, including myself, underwent like incredible experiences.

H. Bedford-Jones, writing from Los Angeles August 20, remarks casually to the editors:

> If you've followed the Russian press, you may be aware that Still Alive is raising hell. I understand that a letter from General Bogomoletz was published in the New York and San Francisco papers recently, telling how pressure was brought upon him to state that the

# AND KICKING

By EDWARD DOHERTY

story was untrue and his letter obtained under false pretenses.

He states that the contrary is the case—that he volunteered his statement, and that the story is true. A former Soviet intelligence officer out here, I believe, has written Liberty vouching for certain details, but he didn't give you his real name.

An eyewitness of the murder of Colonel Kazagrandi is here, but dares not write in about this murder. The Russian colony is split wide open about the Czarevitch business—ignorant of the fact that Ossendowski's works have confirmed that detail.

Perhaps the former Soviet official Bedford-Jones mentioned is the man who signed himself Sam Levkovich. He wrote Liberty from Los Angeles on August 6—nearly two weeks before Liberty published the chapter dealing with Beloff's escape at the Chinese border.

The world is too small, after all [Levkovich asserts]. If somebody told me twelve years ago that I'd be reading the story of a man whom I saved from being shot on the border of China and Siberia, I wouldn't have believed it. But this is just what happened. I am reading the story Still Alive. It is a wonderfully interesting story and as far as I know true. During that time I was connected with G. P. U. (secret service) of the Fifth Army under the command of General Blücher, the army responsible for the defeat of Baron Ungern.

We had reports about White Wings all along, and they all correspond to what was said in the story. I want only to add that, according to last reports we had, Czarevitch is some place in Tibet in the monastery, studying under the lamas. I doubt if he is the real Czarevitch, but everything is possible nowadays, so I will not challenge his statement.

I am wondering if Beloff mentions in his story the part I played in saving his life. If he does he probably thinks that he fooled me that time with his story about the scroll. You see, when he tried to cross the Chinese border on his way from Mongolia, he was captured by the Red patrol and brought to me. According to strict instructions from Moscow, all suspicious persons were promptly executed as spies. I knew who Beloff was, but I decided to let him go, as I couldn't help admire him. Many scores of Red soldiers and Jewish people were saved by his timely interference. Besides this, I was thinking that time of escaping from Soviet Russia myself, so I faked his execution and let him cross the border. . . .

Now—these letters and others were sent to Beloff for his comments. He must have shown them to Scriabin, for that gentleman on October 30 wrote:

Just as I expected, some of the Russians started to kick against Beloff's story, because it tells only the truth and nothing but the truth. . . . I, who knew Georgei Beloff for so many years, can vouch that everything he told about himself in the story is true.

I first met Beloff when he joined the Russian army on the Austrian front in 1914 as a volunteer, at the age of sixteen. He was sent into our regiment under my command. I liked him right away and we became close friends. During the Carpathian advance, when he was sent forth with a scout detachment, he captured an enemy armored train. He was seriously wounded and was sent back to Petrograd to recuperate, and there was decorated with St. George's Cross.

Later on he was sent to the Moscow Alexeievski Military School, from which he graduated as an officer, and was appointed to the Preobajenski Regiment. He didn't stay there long, but asked for a transfer to the front. . . .

He was a splendid officer and comrade, and I was proud to have him as my best friend. He had a spotless reputation. He didn't like to force himself in front of others and naturally he was not "well known," as Mr. Volkov remarks in his letter. Furthermore, as an intelligence officer he could not afford to be well known.

I am very much surprised at General Bogomoletz's conduct. At first he gives Beloff the certificate, and then under "pressure" he tries to excuse himself for doing it. . . .

As to the accusations by Mr. Volkov against myself, well, I can only say he has a grudge against me—why, I do not know. Maybe he is one of the clique to which belong Petkoff and a few others, and for some reason known only to him he hates me. I know that in the United States there are quite a few persons who would like to see me dead and not "still alive," as I know too much about shady manipulations and deeds back in Siberia. . . .

In a postscript Captain Scriabin explains that he has lost the use of his right arm, due to a wound, and has come to America to get "the best medical help."

"Maybe one of these days I will tell the story of *my* 'execution' and escape," he adds.

One story always brings out others. Maybe Scriabin's adventures are as entertaining and thrilling as Beloff's.

Here are Beloff's comments on the letters sent to him by Liberty:

Mr. B. B. Mettler asks what I was doing at Krasnoyarsk, "which was Ataman Kalmykoff's district." It was nothing of the sort. Kalmykoff's headquarters lay a thousand miles away, at Nikolsk-Ussuriisk. Even if Mr. Mettler were correct, what of it? As an intelligence officer it was my duty to be everywhere. Some American intelligence officers were in some mighty bad places too. That they were taking part in evil deeds is not to be suggested. . . . There was nothing wrong in my connection with Semenoff's forces. Plenty of officers were connected with him who had no connection with atrocities.

If I mistake not, I have met Mr. Mettler during visits at the headquarters of General Mejak, military governor of Verkne-Udinsk and, I believe, honorary colonel of the United States army. General Mejak was an old and very good friend of my father and of my family, and naturally I visited him whenever I happened to be near his headquarters. There I met many of the American officers—particularly, as I recall, at the banquets given in honor of Colonel C. H. Morrow, commanding officer of the 27th U. S. Infantry. Not long ago came a letter from one of these officers, by the way, who had read my story in Liberty and believed that he recognized me.

As for accusations against General Bogomoletz, I cannot answer these from my personal knowledge. At the time indicated by Mr. Mettler I was serving under Admiral Kolchak. However, I heard and read newspaper accounts of the findings of the court-martial, which consisted of officers from all the Allied forces in Siberia. According to all accounts, General Bogomoletz was acquitted of any wrong, and the crimes were attributed to a frame-up by soldiers from his armored trains. . . . From my own knowledge of him and from his reputation, Bogomoletz was a man of iron, a square shooter, deadly strict but entirely fair and impartial in all his dealings. It is still told how he refused certain bloody work, stating that he was a soldier and not an executioner.

The caustic comments of Mr. Volkov upon my story deserve greater attention, since Mr. Volkov certainly knows what he is writing about—except when he writes about me. He is obviously unaware that I was personally vouched for to the editors of Liberty by other and better known persons than General Bogomoletz—under my real name, however, which I could not allow to appear in print for reasons made plain in the story. Many attempts have been made to discredit my story and force me to reveal my true name. As my sisters are still in Russia, also living under assumed names, I must continue to answer Mr. Volkov as Georgei Beloff.

Never did I claim that Mongolia officially belonged to Russia. She was under Russian influence before the war. My father during the Russian-Japanese War held the powers of viceroy in his military capacity. If Mr. Volkov can get hold of the military orders for the Primorski and Transbaikal military districts, and of the Razvedtchik, the military magazine, for that period, he will discover a lot about my father and his activities. During the military reviews my father wore the Mongolian terlik over his regular military uniform, using it as a cape. Hence the name of "White Wings."

Beloff does not mean "White Wings," as Mr. Volkov states. In discussing the story with Mr. Bedford-Jones, he suggested that to avoid the cumbersome Russian name of White Wings, it be shortened to Beloff. I agreed, and so it went into the story. If this be a crime, make the most of it. . . .

Mr. Volkov's pleasant little jest about "Kesha" and the Czarevitch—well, it is a jest. It is too bad that he himself was not brought up in the Czar's household as a child, to be known by such a pet name to the imperial family. This was my fortune. And the statement, were it worth proving—say, to the editors of Liberty—is susceptible of proof.

As to what Mr. Volkov hints and alleges against Scriabin—well, that is not my affair. I told the truth of that matter as I knew it. I am sending Scriabin a copy of Mr. Volkov's observations, and if Scriabin cares to make any response on his own account, he may do so. I doubt if the attack is important enough to greatly concern him.

Last of all I should mention the astonishing letter from the former Soviet agent who calls himself Sam Levkovich. . . . I have made efforts to reach this man at the address he gave me. So has Mr. Bedford-Jones, independent of me. Either of us would be very glad to hear from him and arrange a meeting in any way that he may desire. Yours sincerely,

GEORGEI BELOFF.

THE END

STILL ALIVE
STILL AL
The Amazing True Story of a Pilgrimage of Terror through Asia
Still ALIVE
Still Alive
GEORGEI BELOFF
BEDFORD-JONES
STILL ALIVE
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STILL ALIVE

# SECOND WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS!

# $5,000 HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

$100 FIRST PRIZE WINNER
*By Margot Clark*

●

$5 CASH PRIZE WINNER
*By W. H. Hildebrandt*

*Advertisement*

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*Additional Awards Weekly*
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LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot Contest

All that is necessary to qualify for one of the many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain one of the official Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest entry blanks from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest.

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## ANOTHER 51 PRIZES THIS WEEK!

CHECKS for the amounts of their cash prizes will be mailed to the winners in the second week of Liberty's Home Life Snapshot Contest listed below. Will your name be announced among the winners of this week's contest? If you can point a camera and snap the shutter you can win one of the fifty-one prizes this time. Why not send in an entry and claim a share of the easy money? The brief rules tell how. The closing date for this week's contest is Monday, January 15. Don't neglect this invitation. It may mean money in your pocket!

●

## November 25 Prize Winners

### $100 FIRST PRIZE

MARGOT CLARK
San Francisco, Calif.

### TEN $10 PRIZES

Francesca Alvarez, New York, N. Y.; John A. Buck, Seattle, Wash.; William Buford, Fort Smith, Ark.; Mrs. F. E. Davenport, Austell, Ga.; E. F. Diers, Sheridan, Wyo.; Gladys L. Gilman, Rochester, N. H.; K. Goossens, San Francisco, Calif.; L. J. Peterson, Cranford, N. J.; Mrs. Gray Scott, Arlee, Mont.; Ross H. Wick, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### FORTY $5 PRIZES

W. G. Adler, Falkland, B. C.; Alma Aldrich, Grafton, W. Va.; Mrs. Lee J. Carroll, San Antonio, Tex.; Stanley Churchill, Ft. Cobb, Okla.; John R. Cole, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Joan Coleman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. T. Griffing, Sulphur, Okla.; H. E. Hammond, Providence, R. I.; W. H. Hildebrandt, Baltimore, Md.; C. A. Jordan, Niles, Mich.; Elizabeth Kaelo, Fort Hunter, N. Y.; Mrs. Mildred M. Keeton, Munising, Mich.; Alfred G. King, Berlin, N. H.; Wilfred Lalonde, Montreal, Que.; Lorene Lanzel, Milwaukee, Wis.; Ted Leitzell, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. M. A. MacConnel, University, Mo.; T. H. McClelland, New Cumberland, Pa.; Mona Middlebrook, Neenah, Wis.; Dorothy Jane Moore, Cambridge, Ohio; Hugh Murphy, Kingman, Ariz.; F. R. Nanscawen, La Crosse, Wis.; F. A. Northrup, Greensburg, Kan.; John T. Offutt, New Castle, Pa.; Ruth Posnecker, Dallas Center, Iowa; L. Rogell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William B. Smith, Delphi, Ind.; Mrs. Charles Spreen, Austin, Tex.; William J. Travis, Katonah, N. Y.; C. W. Umholtz, Crewe, Va.; George Van Houten, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. John W. Voss, Pomona, Calif.; Bessie B. Walker, Norway, Me.; Charles Willey, East Patchogue, N. Y.; G. Sheldon Williams, Pasadena, Calif.; Russell B. Witte, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. William Woolhiser, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Charles I. Wright, Selma, Calif.; Walter P. Wright, Sparkill, N. Y.; Mrs. C. E. Wynne, Glendale, Calif.

$10 CASH PRIZE WINNER
*By K. Goossens*

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## SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES
### TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.
2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.
4. Photographs need not be taken specially for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.
5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.
7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.
8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

### $1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.
2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.
3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

# HAPPY DAYS

## MOTHERS SHOULD GIVE THEIR CHILDREN A CHANCE TO DEVELOP SELF-RELIANCE—PLUM PIE AS MADE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

By

## ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

*(Reading time: 4 min. 27 sec.)*

I DON'T suppose there's a single mother of small children today who doesn't frequently look at her youngsters and wonder, "Just what does life hold in store for you? With everything in the world changing so rapidly, how can I best prepare you to meet these changes?" In our fathers' and grandfathers' generations, a wide choice of occupations and professions was open to boys; now it seems probable that when the small children of today are ready to choose their life work, they may be faced with the fact that only a specified number of people may enter into the various different professions. To prevent overcrowding and wasteful competition, we must develop some form of planned economy in the number of people who are studying, for example, for the law, engineering, medicine, and the skilled trades. This is too big a change to come about suddenly, but many people seem to believe that such occupational regulation will of necessity evolve within the next few decades.

It seems to me that the best safeguard we can develop in our children for this problem is a wide range of interests so that they will be able to adapt themselves to several different types of work.

Many parents who have had to go through great hardships themselves have cherished the idea that they can shield their children from the same rough bumps. But the state of reorganization in which almost the entire world finds itself today offers plenty of new bumps and knocks! And isn't it better, instead of sheltering our children from realities, to help them to develop a self-reliance which will give them a comeback in almost any situation?

It seems that the best way to give children this resiliency is to make them aware of the world outside the four walls of the home. Yes, let them know that there are children in the coal fields, for example, that are hungry; children on snow-covered prairie farms who have no shoes to wear; children in the large cities who can't go out to play because they have no warm clothing. Let the children learn generosity and a sense of responsibility by showing them that we, as parents, are doing what we can to alleviate these tragedies and that we are working toward the final wiping out of these conditions.

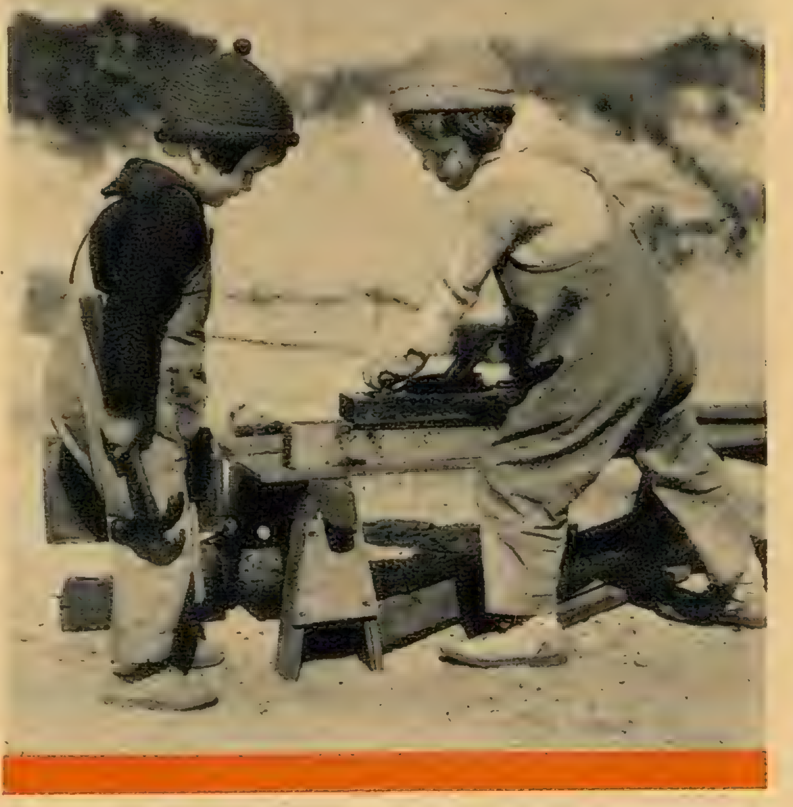

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

Very young children seem to learn the rudiments of fair play from association with other children if they are allowed to settle their own disputes. I think that every mother should make great efforts to provide contemporary companionship for her own children.

I remember promising to report to you on my three-year-old son's experience in a nursery school. He started this fall. In a few months he has come to accept perfectly naturally the sharing of toys, consideration for the desires of the other children, and a sense of belonging to and coöperation in a group of both adults and children. The nursery school is also giving him music in the form of rhythmical games, rudiments of sculpture with clay modeling, and encouraging him to express his ideas with crayons, paints, and paper.

Now, I don't expect my son to be a great musician or artist, but I do hope that by acquiring some knowledge of these various subjects he may find enjoyment all his life in the appreciation of music and art, and perhaps in pursuing one of them as a hobby.

It is, of course, true that the nursery schools for children usually from two to four years of age are not yet generally available; but I believe they will eventually become an accepted part of our public-school system. In the meantime much benefit may be derived from play groups organized by mothers themselves. Each family can take turns donating the back yard or a room in the house, and the mothers can provide such simple materials as clay, crayons, and building blocks, and simple musical devices, such as Mother Goose or rhythm phonograph records.

Group play for very young children lays the foundation for the qualities which the new generation must develop to meet the changing world conditions—qualities such as self-reliance, adaptability, and coöperation with all types of people. I don't feel that any parent need fear the future for her children if they have had the type of home and school education which teaches them to face the realities of living bravely and to adjust themselves to a rapidly changing world.

MRS. NESBITT sends this week the recipe for a hearty dessert from the White House files. This particular pie seems to be a favorite with the men guests to whom I've seen it served.

### PLUM PIE

Make a sweet rich biscuit dough rather stiff so it can be rolled out fairly thin. Add about ¼ cup of sugar to 1 cup of flour. Line a pie plate with this dough.

Now fill the pie plate with pitted plums split lengthwise. Sprinkle with ½ cup of sugar. Then add the following mixture, well beaten: 1 cup milk, ¼ cup sugar, 2 egg yolks.

Now brown slightly in pan with butter, 2 tablespoons of dried bread crumbs. Sprinkle over the top of the pie.

Bake for 20 minutes in a fast oven, and then reduce the heat to medium and bake until plums are tender and crust is brown.

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**The first of a new series of articles by Mrs. Dall dealing with the human phases of our national life—Today and Yesterday in the White House—will appear in an early issue.**

# Tarzan *and the* LION MAN

## The Strangest Adventure in Modern Fiction Approaches Its Thrilling Climax

*(Reading time: 33 minutes 29 seconds.)*

A MOVING-PICTURE company sends Tom Orman, director, to Africa to make a picture. In the company are Naomi Madison, Rhonda Terry, Pat O'Grady, Bill West, Gordon Marcus, and Stanley Obroski, " the Lion Man." The movie safari pushes into the wilderness, where it is attacked by savage Basutos. Obroski is captured and then rescued by Tarzan, whose exact double he is.

Rhonda and Naomi, carried off by the Arabs of the safari guard, manage to escape. Both are captured by gorillas, which to their horror speak English. Rhonda is carried to " London," city of the gorillas. Naomi is rescued by Tarzan and taken to Tom Orman and Bill West, who have been searching for the two girls. All of them believe Tarzan is the missing Stanley Obroski.

Tarzan then goes to the rescue of Rhonda Terry. He gets into the gorilla city and finds the girl, but is trapped in a cell with her. The gorilla " God " comes to see his prisoners, and tells them the secret of how he has managed to endow these beasts with power of speech. He threatens Rhonda and Tarzan with a dire fate. They manage to escape from the cell and reach the roof of the palace, but here they are hemmed in by the gorillas. Then comes the scent of burning wood.

### PART EIGHT—HOLOCAUST

" CAPTURE him! " cried the gorilla God. " But do not kill him."

Tarzan leaped at the nearest beast. His knife flashed in the light of the torches that some of the creatures carried. It sank deep into the chest of the victim that chance had placed in the path of the Lord of the Jungle. The brute screamed and clutched at the ape man, only to collapse at his feet.

But others closed upon the bronzed giant. Then another and another tasted the steel of that swift blade. The gorilla God was beside himself with rage and excitement.

" Seize him! Seize him! " he screamed. " Do not kill him! He is mine! "

During the excitement Rhonda sought an avenue of escape. She slunk behind the battling beasts to search for a stairway leading from the roof. No one noticed the girl. She came to a doorway in another tower. Before her she saw the top of a flight of stairs, down which she ran.

At a turn in the stairs she ran directly into the arms of a gorilla leaping upward. Behind him were two others. The first seized her and whirled her back to the others. " She must be trying to escape," said her captor. " Bring her along to God." Then he leaped swiftly on up the stairs.

Three gorillas had fallen before Tarzan's knife, but the fourth seized his wrist and struck at him with the haft of his pike. The ape man closed. His teeth sought the jugular of his antagonist and fastened there. The brute screamed and sought to tear himself free. Then one of his companions stepped in and struck Tarzan heavily across one temple with the butt of a battle-ax.

The Lord of the Jungle sank senseless to the roof amid the victorious shouts of his foemen.

The gorilla God trembled with disappointment and rage, and was about to speak when the gorilla that had recaptured Rhonda forced its way through the crowd.

" The castle is afire, my lord! " he cried. " The smudge that was built to smoke out the prisoners spread to the dry grass on the floor of their cell, and now the beams and floor above are all ablaze."

There was instant uneasiness. The gorillas rushed uncertainly this way and that. Screaming and roaring, they bolted for safety, deserting their prisoners and their God.

Fortunately for Rhonda, the two who had her in charge ignored the instructions of their fellow to bring her before their God, but instead turned and fled down the stairway before retreat was cut off by the hungry flames.

Rhonda, almost equally terrified but retaining control of her wits, took advantage of this opportunity to escape. Following the two gorillas, she came out on the great ledge upon which the castle stood.

Running quickly along the ledge to the head of the stairway, she started downward toward the dark city. She ran swiftly, risking a fall in her anxiety to escape. Behind her rose the roaring and the crackling of the flames. Then, to her horror, she saw a horde of gorillas rushing up to the doomed building.

Rhonda stopped, but she could not go back. Her only chance lay in the possibility that the gorillas might ignore her in their excitement. Then the leaders saw her.

" The girl! " they cried. " The hairless one! " Hairy hands seized her. They passed her back to those behind. " Take her to the king! "

By EDGAR RICE

Once again she found herself with the shes of Henry's harem. They cuffed her and growled at her, for most of them did not wish her back.

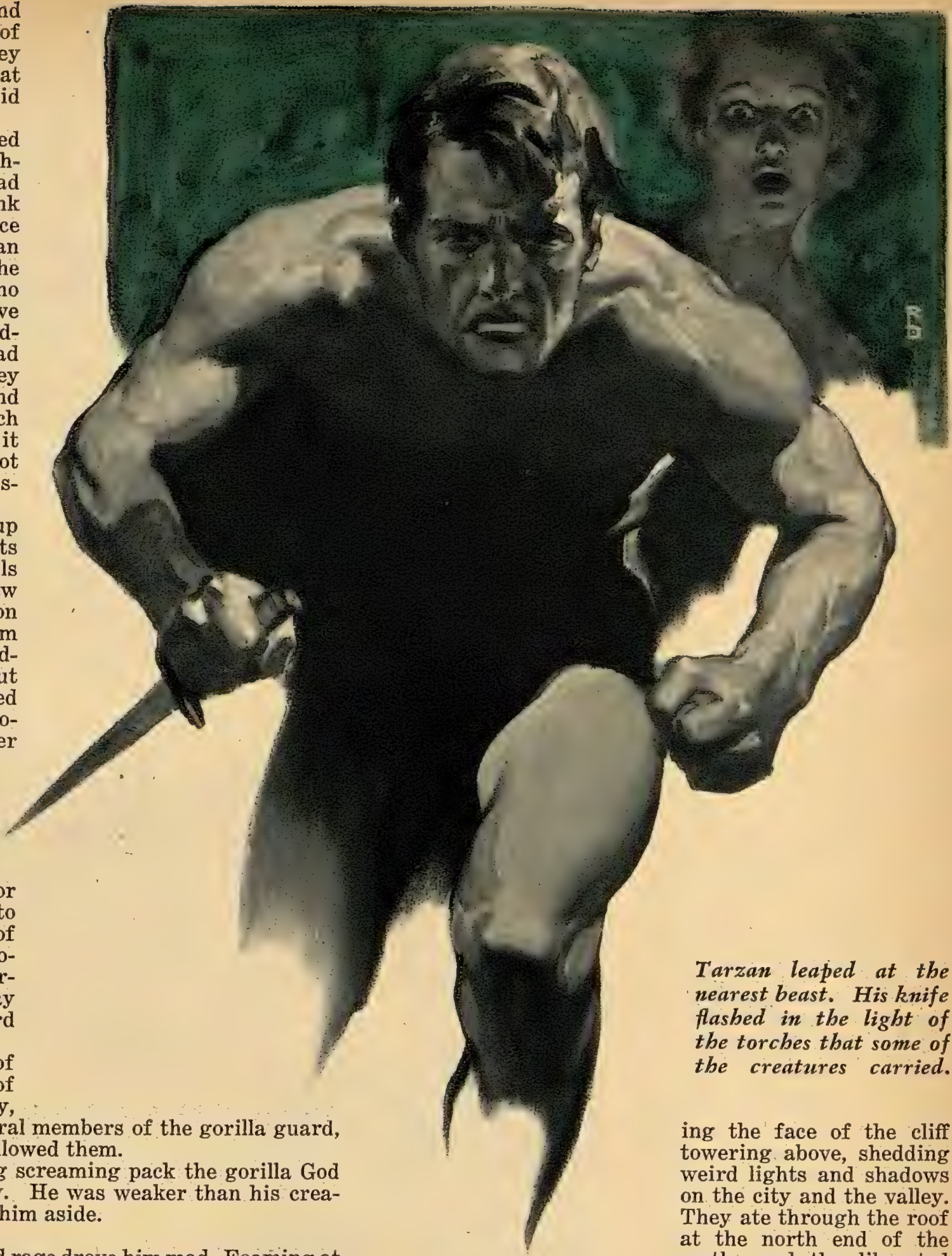
At last they ceased abusing her; and, crouching in a corner, she had an opportunity to think for the first time since she had followed Tarzan from the tower. She thought of the man who had risked his life to save hers. It seemed incredible that all of them had so misunderstood Stanley Obroski. Strength and courage seemed so much a part of him now that it was unbelievable that not one of them had ever discerned it.

Suddenly she sat up very straight, her fists clenched until the nails bit into her flesh. A new truth had dawned upon her. This man whom yesterday she had considered with nothing but contempt had aroused within her bosom an emotion that she had never felt for any other man. Was it love? Did she love Stanley Obroski?

As the terrified horde fought for safety and leaped to death from the roof of the castle of God, the gorilla God himself scurried for a secret stairway that led to the courtyard of the castle.

Cranmer and some of the priests knew also of this stairway; and they, too, bolted for it. Several members of the gorilla guard, maddened by terror, followed them.

Through this fighting screaming pack the gorilla God sought to force his way. He was weaker than his creatures and they elbowed him aside.



*Tarzan leaped at the nearest beast. His knife flashed in the light of the torches that some of the creatures carried.*

SUDDENLY terror and rage drove him mad. Foaming at the mouth, gibbering like a maniac, he threw himself upon the back of a great bull whose bulk barred his way. He beat the creature about the head and shoulders. But the terrified brute paid no attention to him until he sank his fangs deep in its neck. Then with a frightful scream it turned upon him. With its mighty paws it tore him from his hold. Then, lifting him above its head, the creature hurled him from it. The gorilla God fell heavily to the roof and lay still, stunned.

The crazed beasts at the stairway fought and tore at one another, jamming and wedging themselves into the entrance until they clogged it. Then those that remained outside ran toward other stairways. But now it was too late. Smoke and flame roared from every turret and tower. They were trapped!

By ones and twos, with awful shrieks, they hurled themselves over the parapet, leaving the roof to the bodies of the gorilla God and his erstwhile captive.

The flames roared up through the narrow shafts of the towers, transforming them into giant torches, illuminating the face of the cliff towering above, shedding weird lights and shadows on the city and the valley. They ate through the roof at the north end of the castle, and the liberated gases shot smoke and flame high into the night. They gnawed through a great roof beam, and a section of the roof fell into the fiery furnace below, showering the city with sparks. Slowly they crept toward the bodies of the ape man and the gorilla God.

But presently one of the bodies on the roof stirred. It was Tarzan. He leaped to his feet. All about him was the roaring and crackling of the flames.

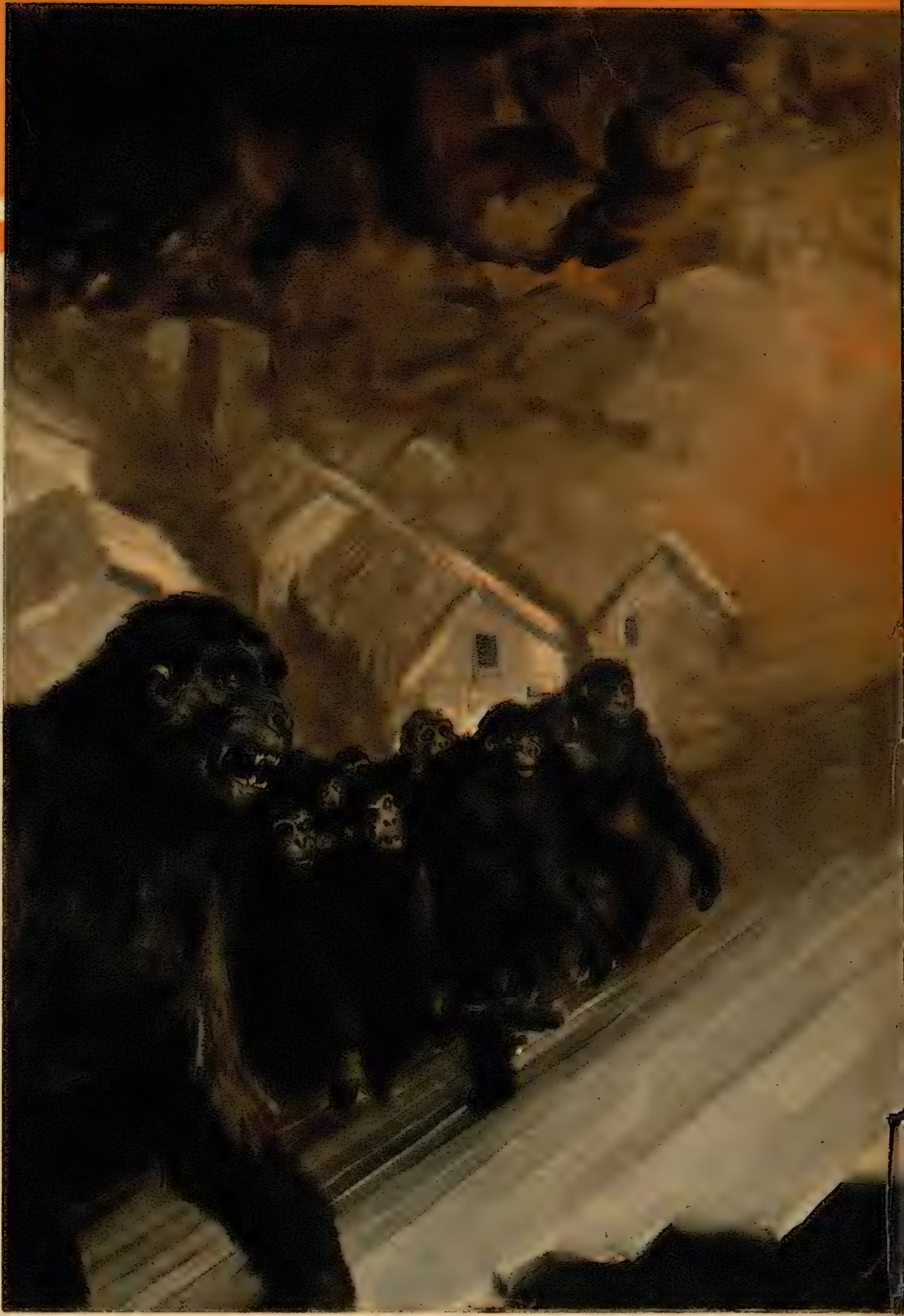
He saw the body of the gorilla God lying near him. He saw it move. Then the creature sat up quickly and looked about. It saw Tarzan. It saw the flames licking and leaping on all sides, dancing the dance of death.

Tarzan gave it but a single glance and walked away. That part of the roof closest to the cliff was freest of flames, and toward the parapet there he made his way.

The gorilla God followed him. "We are lost," he said. "Every avenue of escape is cut off."

The ape man shrugged and looked over the edge of the parapet down the side of the castle wall. Twenty feet

*Rhonda stopped, but she could not go back. Her only chance lay in the possibility that the gorillas might ignore her in their excitement. Then the leaders saw her.*



below was the roof of a section of the building that rose only one story. It was too far to jump.

Flames were coming from the windows on that side, flames and smoke, but there was still a chance to escape. The other end of the castle was now a roaring furnace.

TARZAN tested the strength of one of the merlons of the battlemented parapet. It was strong. The stones were set in good mortar. He uncoiled his rope and passed it about the merlon.

The gorilla God had followed him and was watching. "You are going to escape!" he cried. "Oh, save me too!"

"So that you can kill and eat me later?" asked the ape man.

"Forgive me that. I was mad to regain my human form, and you offered the only chance that I may ever have. Save me and I will give you wealth beyond man's wildest dreams of avarice!"

"I have all I need," replied Tarzan.

"You don't know what you are talking about. I can lead you to diamonds. Diamonds! Diamonds! You can scoop them up by the handful."

"I care nothing for your diamonds," replied the ape man, "but I will save you on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you help me save the girl, if she still lives, and get her out of this valley."

"I promise. But hurry! Soon it will be too late."

Tarzan had looped the center of his rope about the merlon; the loose ends dangled a few feet above the roof below.

"I will go first," he said, "to be sure that you do not run away and forget your promise."

He lowered his body over the parapet, hung by one hand, and seized both strands of the rope in the other.

The gorilla God shuddered. "I could never do that!" he cried. "I should fall. It is awful!" He covered his eyes with his hands.

"Climb over the parapet and get on my back, then," directed the ape man. "Here, I will steady you." He reached up a powerful hand.

Slowly and carefully Tarzan descended. He had no doubt as to the strength of the rope on a straight pull, but feared that the rough edges of the merlon might cut it.

With grim persistence Tarzan continued his slow descent. The creature clinging to his back punctuated it with paroxysms of coughing.

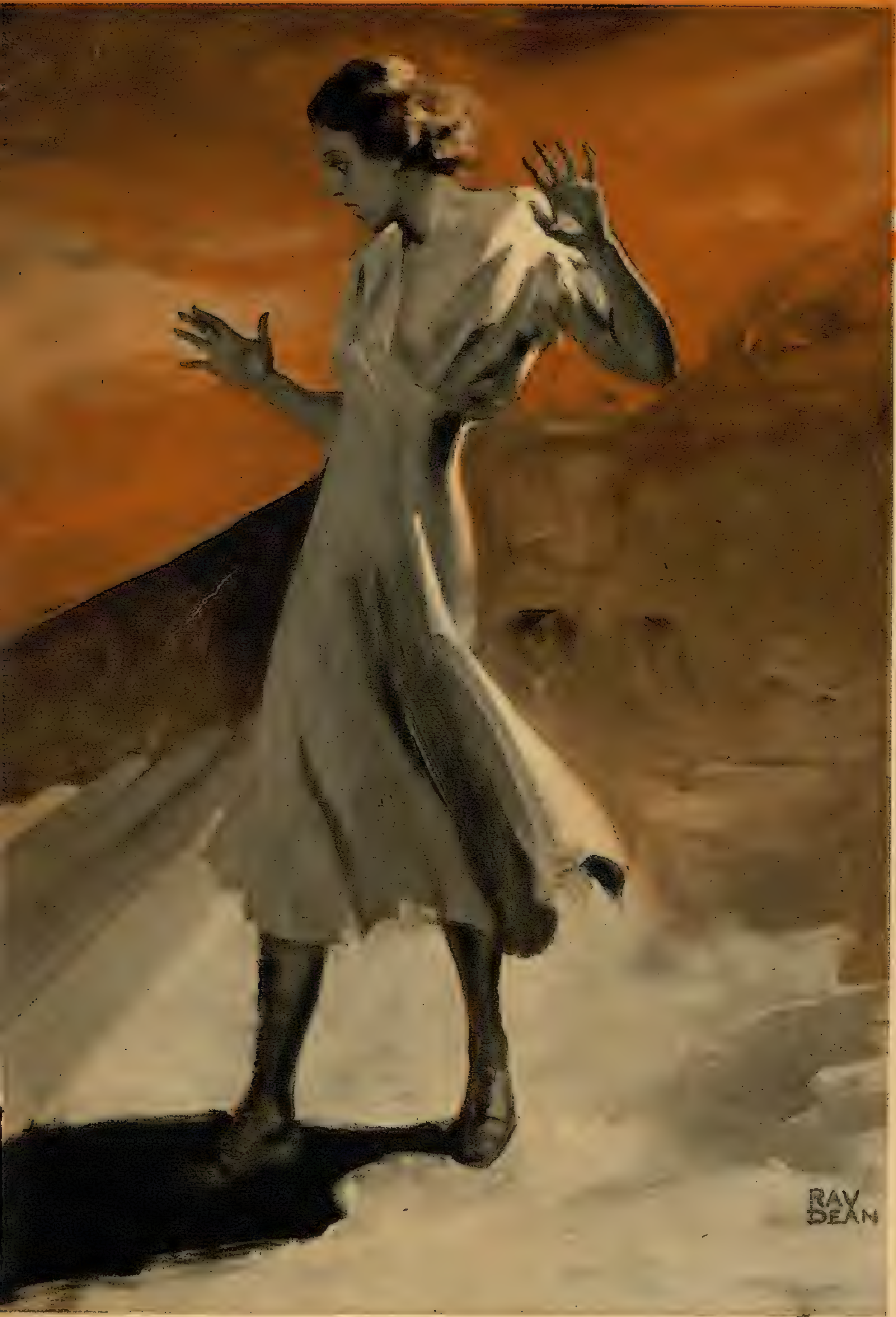
Tarzan's lungs seemed upon the point of bursting when, to his relief, his feet touched solid footing. Instantly he threw himself upon his face and breathed.

Only for a moment did Tarzan lie thus. Then he rolled over on his back and pulled rapidly upon one end of the rope until the other passed about the merlon above and fell to the roof beside him.

This lower roof on which they were was but ten feet above the level of the ground; and, using the rope again, it was only a matter of seconds before the two stood in comparative safety between the castle and the towering cliff.

"Come now," said the ape man. "We will go around to the front of the castle and find out if the girl escaped."

"We shall have to be careful," cautioned the gorilla



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY DEAN

God. “This fire will have attracted a crowd from the city. I have many enemies in the palace of the king who would be glad to capture us both.”

“What do you suggest, then?” Tarzan was suspicious. He saw a trap; he saw duplicity in everything conceived by the mind of man.

“THE fire has not reached this low wing yet,” explained the other. “In it is the entrance to a shaft leading down to the quarters of a faithful priest who dwells in a cave at the foot of the cliff on a level with the city. If we can reach him we shall be safe.”

Tarzan scowled. He had the wild beast's aversion to entering an unfamiliar inclosure. But he had overheard enough of the conversation between the gorilla God and Cranmer to know that the former's statement was at least partially true—his enemies in the palace might gladly embrace an opportunity to imprison or destroy him.

“Very well,” Tarzan assented. “But I am going to tie this rope around your neck so that you may not escape me, and to remind you that I still have the knife with which I killed several of your gorillas. I and the knife will be always near you.”

The gorilla God made no reply, but he submitted to being secured, and then led the way into the building and to a cleverly concealed trap opening into the top of a shaft descending into darkness.

Here a ladder led downward, and Tarzan let his companion precede him into the Stygian blackness of the shaft. They descended for a short distance to a horizontal corridor which terminated at another vertical shaft.

Here they proceeded along a corridor until a heavy wooden door blocked their progress. The gorilla God listened intently for a moment, his ear close to the planking of the door. Finally he raised the latch and pushed the door silently ajar. Through the crack the ape man saw a rough cave lighted by a single smoky torch.

“He is not here,” said the gorilla God as he pushed the door open and entered. “He has probably gone with the others to see the fire. We shall await his return.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes. Then the gorilla God looked up at the ape man. “You said that you did not want diamonds.” His tone was skeptical. “Then why did you come here?”

“Not for diamonds,” Tarzan told him.

The gorilla God chuckled. “My people killed some of your party as they were about to enter the valley. On the body of one of them was a map of this valley—the valley of diamonds.”

“But who could have made it?”

“I made it.”

“You! How could we have a map that you made? Have you returned to England since you first came here?”

“I will tell you. I loved a girl. She was not interested in a poor scientist with no financial future ahead of him. She wanted wealth and luxuries.

“When I came to this valley and found the diamonds, I thought of her. I cannot say that I still loved her, but I wanted her. I should have liked to be revenged upon her for the suffering that she had caused me. I thought what a fine revenge it would be to get her here and keep her here as long as she lived.

"So I made the map and I wrote her a letter. I told her to tell no one, but to come here alone; so that no one else would know about our treasure and steal it from us. I told her just what to do—where to land and how to form her safari. Then I waited. I have been waiting for seventy-four years, but she has never come."

There was a sound at the outer door. Tarzan sprang to his feet. The door opened and an old gorilla started to enter. At sight of the ape man he bared his fangs.

"It is all right, Father Tobin," said the gorilla God. "Come in and close the door."

"My lord!" exclaimed the old gorilla as he closed the door behind him and threw himself upon his knees. "We thought that you had perished in the flames."

"Blessing be upon you, my son," replied the gorilla God. "And now tell me what has happened in the city."

"The castle is destroyed."

"Yes, I knew that. But what of the king? Does he think me dead?"

"All think so; and—may curses descend upon him—Henry is pleased. They say he will proclaim himself God."

"Do you know aught of the fate of the girl Wolsey rescued from Henry's clutches and brought to me?"

"She escaped, my lord. I saw her."

"Where is she?" demanded Tarzan.

"The king's men recaptured her and took her to the palace."

"That will be the end of her," announced the gorilla God.

"We must get her away from him at once," said Tarzan.

The gorilla God shrugged. "I doubt if that can be done."

"You have many faithful followers, haven't you?" Tarzan asked.

"Yes."

"Then send this priest out to gather them. Tell them to meet outside this cave."

"Go, Father Tobin," said the gorilla God, "and gather the faithful."

The priest knelt again, crossed himself, and departed. As the door closed after him, Tarzan turned to his companion. "How is it," he asked, "that you have been able to transmit the power to speak and perhaps to reason to these brutes, yet they have not taken on any of the outward physical attributes of man?"

"That is due to no fault of mine," replied the gorilla God. "Transmitting human germ cells from generation to generation, as they now do, it is not strange that there are often born to them children with the physical attributes of human beings.

"But, in spite of all that I can do, these sports have almost invariably been destroyed.

"I know of two instances where the mutants were absolutely perfect in human form and figure but possessed the minds of gorillas; the majority, however, have the appearance of grotesque hybrids."

RHONDA TERRY awoke with a start. She heard shouting and growls and screams and roars that sounded very close indeed. She saw the shes of Henry's harem moving about restlessly. But it was not these that had awakened her. They came through the unglazed windows of the apartment—loud, menacing.

She rose and approached a window. Catherine of Aragon saw her and bared her fangs in a vicious snarl.

"It is she they want," growled the old queen.

From the window Rhonda saw in the light of torches a mass of hairy forms battling to the death. She gasped and pressed a hand to her heart, for among them she saw Stanley Obroski fighting his way toward the palace.

At first it seemed to her that he was fighting alone against that horde of beasts. But presently she realized that many of them were his allies.

Vaguely she heard voices raised about her in anger; then she became conscious of the words of the old queen. "She has caused all this trouble," Catherine of Aragon was saying. "If she were dead we should have peace."

The girl turned from the window to see the savage beasts advancing upon her—great hairy brutes that could tear her to pieces.

Then the door was suddenly thrown open and three great bulls stepped into the apartment. "His Majesty the King!" cried one of them, and the shes quieted their tongues and fell away from Rhonda.

The great bull gorilla that was Henry the Eighth rolled into the room. "Silence!" he bellowed. "Where is the fair hairless one?" he demanded, and then his eyes alighted upon Rhonda.

"Come here!" he commanded. "God has come for you, but he'll never get you. You belong to me."

HE stepped forward and seized Rhonda, throwing her across one shoulder as though she had no weight whatever. Then he crossed quickly to the door and hurried down the corridor.

At the far end he turned into a small room, crossed to a closet, and raised a trapdoor. Like a huge monkey he descended a pole that led downward into darkness, and after they reached the bottom Rhonda became aware that they were traversing a subterranean corridor. Then she felt the soft night air and saw stars above them. A moment later they stood upon the bank of a river at the foot of a low cliff.

Then commenced a trek of terror for Rhonda. Following the river, they hurried along through the night toward the upper end of the valley. There was no sound of pursuit, yet the gorilla's nervousness increased. Presently Rhonda guessed the reason for it. From the north came the deep-throated roar of a lion.

The gorilla king growled deep in his chest and quickened his pace. Now the voice of the lion sounded again, shattering the silence of the night, making the earth tremble. It was much closer than before.

Rhonda saw the lion ahead of them and a little to their left. The gorilla king saw it too, and changed his direction toward the east and a fringe of trees that were visible now about a hundred yards ahead of them.

The lion was approaching them at an easy swinging walk. Now he too changed his direction and broke into a trot to head them off before they reached the trees.

It became obvious that they could never reach the trees ahead of him. The gorilla paused, growling. Instantly the lion changed its course again and came straight for them. The gorilla hesitated. Then he lifted the girl in his powerful paws and hurled her into the path of the lion, at the same time turning and running at full speed back in the direction from which they had come.

But he reckoned without sufficient knowledge of lion psychology. Rhonda fell face downward. She knew that the lion was only a few yards away and coming toward her—that she could not escape him. But she recalled her other experience with a lion, and so she lay very still.

It is the running creature that attracts the beast of prey. Rhonda felt the lion pass swiftly, close to her. Then she raised her head and looked. The gorilla was moving much more swiftly than she had guessed possible.

The girl leaped to her feet and without a backward glance raced for the trees. She had covered but a few yards when she heard terrific roars and growls and screams that told her that the lion had overtaken the gorilla and that the two beasts were already fighting.

When, breathless, she reached the trees, she stopped and looked back. The lion was dragging the gorilla down. The great jaws closed upon its head. There was a vicious shake and the ape went limp. Thus died Henry the Eighth.

The girl slipped silently into the wood. A few steps brought her to the bank of a river. It was the east fork of the Thames, the wood a fringe of trees on either side. Thinking to throw the lion off her trail should it decide to follow her, as well as to put the barrier of the river between, she entered it and swam to the opposite shore.

Now, for the first time in many a long day, she was inspired by hope. She was free! Also she knew where her friends were and that by following the river down to the escarpment that formed the Omwamwi Falls she could find them.

On and on she plodded in what approximated a lethargy of fatigue, dragging one foot painfully after the other. Her physical exhaustion was reflected in her reactions.

When she became aware of danger it was too late. A hideous creature—half man, half gorilla—dropped from a tree directly in her path. It had the face of a man, the ears and body of an ape.

The girl turned to run toward the river, thinking to plunge in and escape by swimming. But, as she turned, another fearsome thing dropped from the trees to confront her. Then, growling and snarling, the two leaped forward and seized her.

She thought that they must wrench her arms from their sockets. She had given up hope, when a naked white man dropped from an overhanging branch. He carried a club in his hand, and with it he belabored first one and then the other of her assailants until they relinquished their holds upon her. But to her horror she saw that her rescuer gibbered and roared just as the others had.

Now the man seized her and stood snarling like a wild beast as a score of terrible beast-men swung from the trees and surrounded them. The man who held her was handsome and well formed; his skin was tanned to a rich bronze; a head of heavy blond hair fell about his shoulders like the mane of a lion.

The man started to move away with his captive, to withdraw her from the circle surrounding them. Then, above the scolding of the others, a savage scream sounded from the trees.

The man and the beasts glanced nervously aloft. Rhonda let her eyes follow the direction in which they were looking. Involuntarily she voiced a gasp of astonishment at what she beheld. Swinging downward toward them with the speed and agility of a monkey was a naked white girl, her golden hair streaming out behind her.

As she approached, the beasts surrounding Rhonda and the man edged away, making a path for her, though they growled and bared their teeth at her. She paid no attention to them, but came straight for Rhonda.

The man screamed at her, backing away. Then he whirled Rhonda to a shoulder, turned, and bolted. Even burdened with the weight of his captive, he ran with great speed. Behind him, raging and screaming, the beautiful she-devil pursued.

THE palace guard gave way before the multitude of faithful that battered at the doors of the king's house at the behest of their God. The God was pleased. He wished to punish Henry, but he had never before quite dared to assault the palace.

Tarzan cared nothing for the political aspects of the night's adventure. He thought only of Rhonda. "We must find the girl," he said to the gorilla God.

"She is probably with the other women."

At the top of the stairs stood Howard and Suffolk.

"Where is the hairless she?" demanded the God.

"Henry took her with him," replied Suffolk.

"Where did he go?"

"I do not know. He ran to the end of the corridor and disappeared."

"Some one must know!" snapped Tarzan.

"Perhaps Catherine of Aragon knows," suggested Howard.

"Where is she?" demanded the ape man.

They led the way to the door of the harem. Suffolk swung the door open. "My Lord God!" he announced.

The shes, nervous and frightened, had been expecting to be dragged to their death by the mob. When they saw the gorilla God they fell on their faces before him.

"Have mercy, my Lord God!" cried Catherine of Aragon. "I am your faithful servant."

"Then tell me where Henry is," demanded the God.

"He fled with the hairless she," replied the old queen.

"Where?"

"Come with me," she said.

They followed her down the corridor to the room at the end.

"This shaft leads to a tunnel that runs under the city to the bank of the river beyond the wall. He and that hairless thing went this way," she told them.

The keen scent of the ape man detected the delicate aroma of the white girl. He knew that the king gorilla had carried her down into this deep, dark hole.

Without a word he swung down the pole into the black abyss below.

Following the scent spoor of those he sought, Tarzan traversed the tunnel that led from the bottom of the shaft to the river bank.

Tarzan bent close to the ground. Partly by scent, partly by touch, he found the trail leading toward the north—or, more accurately, toward the northeast.

Dawn broke as he crossed the river. Far ahead he heard the roaring of a hunting lion, and presently with it were mingled the snarls and screams of a gorilla.

Now other scent spoors impinged upon his nostrils, mingling with those of the girl. They were strange scents—a mixture of Mangani and Termangani, of great ape and white man, of male and of female.

The strange scents became stronger in his nostrils.

Now he heard the angry raging voice of a female.

HE was almost upon them now, and a moment later he looked down upon a strange scene. There were a score of monstrous creatures, part human, part gorilla. And there was a naked white man just disappearing among the trees with the girl he sought across one shoulder. Pursuing them was a white girl with golden hair streaming behind her. She was as naked as the other beasts gibbering and screaming in her wake.

Tarzan, swinging into the trees, gained slowly on the strange pair; and so engrossed were they in the business of escape and pursuit that they did not glance up and discover him.

Through the trees ahead of him Tarzan saw a stretch of open ground, beyond which rose rocky cliffs. Then the forest ended. Swinging down to earth, he continued the pursuit. But he had lost a little distance now; and though he started to gain gradually on the fleeing man, he realized that the other would reach the cliffs ahead of him.

Since he had first seen the naked man and woman and the grotesque monsters that they had left behind in the forest, Tarzan had recalled the story the gorilla God had told him of the mutants that had escaped destruction and formed a tribe upon this side of the valley.

The cliffs were only a short distance ahead of him now. At their base were piled a tumbled mass of fragments that had fallen from above during times past.

As the man reached the rubble at the foot of the cliffs, he leaped from rock to rock like a human chamois; and after him came the ape man.

Clambering from ledge to ledge, the creature bore Rhonda Terry aloft; and Tarzan followed, and the golden-haired girl came after. Far up the cliff face the man pushed Rhonda roughly into a cave mouth and turned to face his pursuer.

Tarzan of the Apes turned abruptly to the right then, and ran along a narrow ascending ledge with the intention of gaining the ledge upon which the other stood without having to climb directly toward his foe.

"Go back!" shouted the man in the language of the great apes. "Go back! I kill!"

"Rhonda!" called the ape man.

The girl crawled from the cave out on to the ledge. "Stanley!" she cried in astonishment.

"Climb up the cliff," Tarzan directed. "You can follow the ledges up. I can keep him occupied until you get to the top. Then go south along the valley."

"I'll try," she replied, and started to climb from ledge to ledge.

The girl ascending from below saw her and shouted to the man: "The she is escaping!"

Now the man turned away from Tarzan and started in pursuit of Rhonda. And the ape man, instead of following directly after him, clambered to a higher ledge, moving diagonally in the direction of the American girl.

Rhonda, spurred on by terror, was climbing much more rapidly than she herself could have conceived possible.

And so it was that by a combination of her speed and Tarzan's strategy the ape man was able to head off her pursuer before he overtook her.

When the man realized that he had been intercepted he turned upon Tarzan with a savage snarling growl, his handsome face transformed into that of a wild beast.

The ledge was narrow. It was obvious to Tarzan that the two could not do battle upon it without falling.

Reason dictated that he should attempt to avoid so useless an encounter in which he would presumably lose his life either in victory or defeat. Then the decision was taken from him. The man-beast charged with a bestial roar.

The girl ascending screamed savage encouragement; the horrid mutants gibbered and shrieked.

Crouching, Tarzan met the charge. The man-beast fought without science but with great strength and ferocity.

Like charging bulls they came together, and like mad panthers each sought the other's throat. Locked in feral embrace, they swayed a moment upon the ledge. Then they toppled over the brink.

Tarzan had no mind to die now. In ferocity, in strength he was equal to his antagonist; in courage and intellect he was his superior. It was by his own intelligent effort that the two had so quickly plunged from the ledge to another a few feet below. And as he had directed the fall, so he directed the manner of their alighting. The man-beast was underneath; Tarzan was on top.

The former struck upon the back of his head, and lay insensible.

Scarcely had they struck the lower ledge than Tarzan was upon his feet. He saw the monsters scrambling quickly toward him; he saw the wild girl already reaching out to clutch him.

The girl was on the ledge below, reaching for one of his ankles to drag him down. He stooped quickly and seized her by the hair. Then he swung her, shrieking and screaming, to his shoulder.

She kicked and scratched and tried to bite him; but he held her until he had carried her to a higher ledge. Then he threw her down and made his rope fast about her body. The creatures scaling the cliff were almost upon them by the time Tarzan had made the rope secure. Then he ran nimbly upward from ledge to ledge, dragging the girl.

The highest ledge, that from which Rhonda watched wide-eyed the changing scenes of the drama being enacted below her, was quite the widest of all. Opening on to it was the mouth of a cave. Above it the cliff rose, unscalable, to the summit.

To this ledge Tarzan dragged the now strangely silent wild girl. And here he and Rhonda were cornered, their backs against a wall, with no avenue of escape open.

The wild girl clambered the last few feet to the ledge, and when she stood erect, facing Tarzan, she no longer fought. The savage snarl had left her face. She smiled into the eyes of the ape man, and she was very beautiful. But the man's attention was now upon the snarling pack, the leaders of which were mounting rapidly toward them.

"GO back," shouted Tarzan, "or I kill your she!"

"They will not stop," said the girl. "They do not care if you kill me. You have taken me. I belong to you. They will kill us all and eat us — if they can. Throw rocks down on them; drive them back. Then I will show you how we can get away."

Following her own advice, she picked up a bit of loose rock and hurled it at the nearest of the creatures. It struck him on the head, and he tumbled backward to a lower ledge. Tarzan, realizing the efficacy of this mode of defense, gathered fragments of rock and threw them at the approaching monsters.

"They won't eat us for a while," laughed the girl.

"You eat human flesh?" asked Tarzan.

"Not Malb'yat nor I," she replied; "but they do—they eat anything."

"Who is Malb'yat?"

"My he—you fought with him and took me from him. Now I am yours. I will fight for you. No one else shall have you!"

She turned upon Rhonda with a snarl, and would have attacked her had not Tarzan seized her.

The girl continued to scowl at Rhonda, but she quit her efforts to reach her. "What is her name?"

"Rhonda."

"And what is yours?" she demanded.

"You may call me Stanley," said Tarzan.

"Stanley," she repeated, stumbling a little over the strange word. "My name is Balza."

"Do you speak English?" he asked in that language.

She looked at him in surprise. "Yes," she replied.

"Where did you learn it?" he asked.

"In London—before they drove me out."

"Why did they drive you out?"

"BECAUSE I was not like them. My mother kept me hidden for years, but at last they found me out. They would have killed me had I remained."

"And Malb'yat is like you?"

"No; Malb'yat is like the others. He cannot learn a single English word. I like you much better. I hope that you killed Malb'yat."

"I didn't, though," said the ape man. "I see him moving on the ledge down there where he has been lying."

The girl looked. Then she picked up a rock and flung it at the unfortunate Malb'yat. It missed him and he crawled to shelter.

"If he gets me back he'll beat me," she remarked.

"I should think he'd kill you," said Tarzan.

"No. There is no one else like me. The others are ugly—I am beautiful. No, he will never kill me; but the shes would all like to. I suppose this one would like to kill me." She nodded toward Rhonda.

The American girl had been a surprised and interested listener to the conversation.

"I do not want to kill you," she said. "There is no reason why we should not be friends."

Balza looked at her in surprise; then she studied her.

"Is she speaking the truth?" she asked Tarzan.

The ape man nodded. "Yes."

"Then we are friends," said Balza to Rhonda.

At last the long day drew to a close.

As the sun was dropping behind the western hills across the valley, Balza rose to her feet. "Come," she said; "we can go now. They will not follow, for it will soon be night."

She led the way into the interior of the cave that opened upon the ledge. The cave was narrow but quite straight. The girl led them to the back of the cave, to the bottom of a natural chimney formed by a cleft in the rocky hill. Tarzan took in the situation at a glance.

"I'll go first," he said.

Reaching the top, he lowered his rope and raised the two girls easily to his side, where they found themselves in a small bowl-shaped gully the floor of which was covered with rough crystallized pebbles.

The moment that her eyes fell upon the scene, Rhonda voiced an exclamation of surprised incredulity.

"Diamonds!" she gasped. "The valley of diamonds!"

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*In the final installment you will read of a reunion of old friends and how Tarzan visited Hollywood.*

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—Science of; from the Greek.

2—In Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

3—In 1847.

4—An officer of the government holding different powers in different countries.

5—The Greek goddess of love and beauty.

6—A deep, narrow inlet of the sea into a mountainous coastline.

7—In the twelfth century.

8—In the Pickwick Papers, by Dickens.

9—On river steamers in the United States the cabins were named for various states. The upper-deck cabin was always called "the texas."

10—The Ten Commandments.

11—An independent kingdom in northeastern India, south of Tibet.

12—The right of the state to take private property for the public benefit.

13—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

14—About 12,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

15—I have found it.

16—Morpheus, god of dreams.

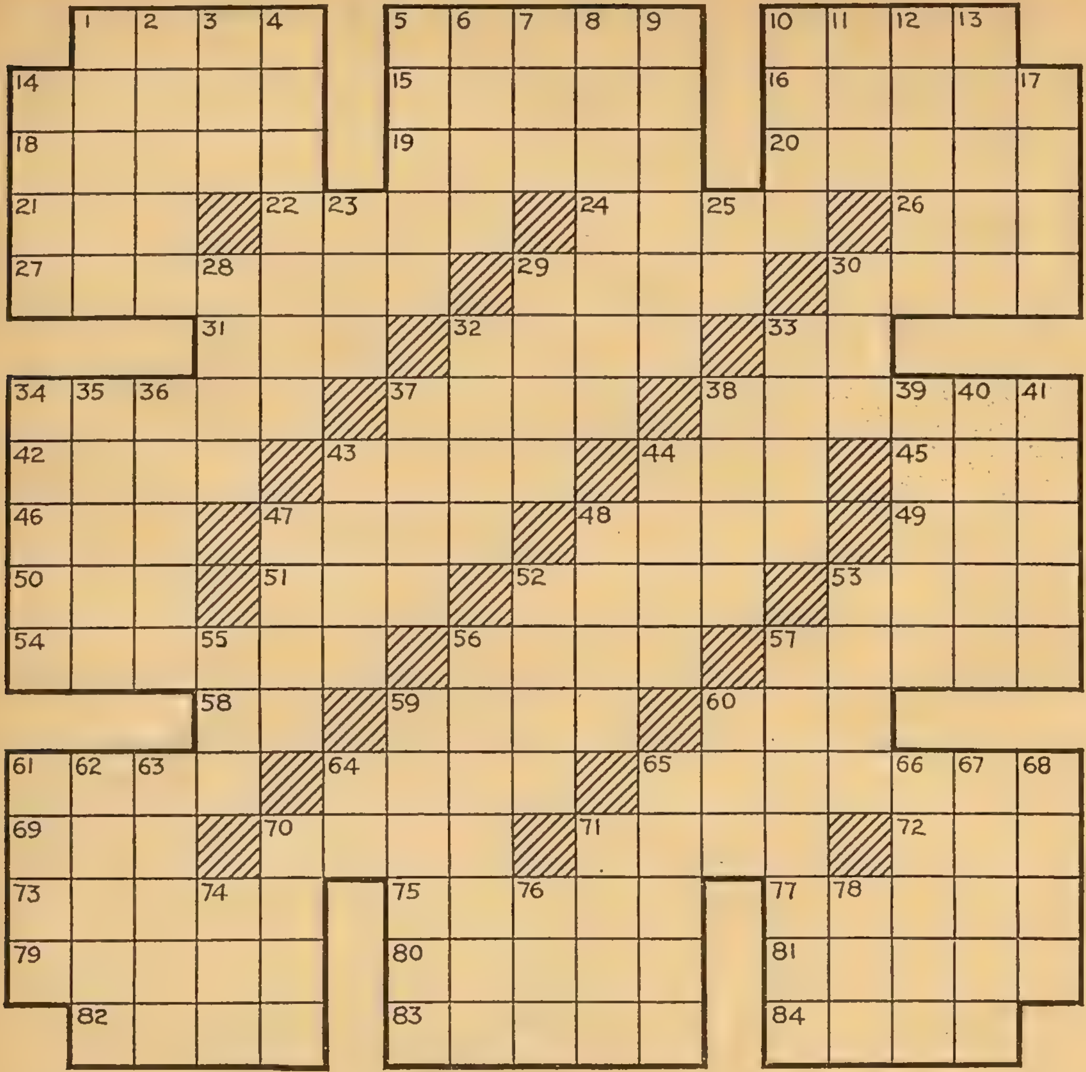
17—Cone-bearing; also to those of the order *Pinales*.

18—An organism or person that obtains nourishment at another's expense.

19—Eratosthenes of Alexandria.

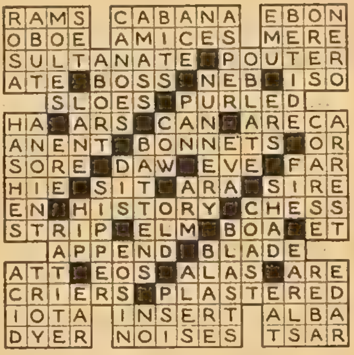
20—John Cabot in 1497.

# CROSS WORDS



## HORIZONTAL

1 Trudge
5 Winged
10 Roughen
14 Clump of trees
15 Pertaining to ships
16 Relating to hours
18 A bird
19 Daily record
20 Gone by
21 Utility
22 Employer
24 A vessel's stem
26 Mortals
27 In addition
29 A vacuum
30 Enormous
31 Unused
32 One of Columbus's ships
33 An exclamation
34 Equipped with weapons
37 Ceases to be
38 Control
42 Ruth's husband
43 Receptacle for goods (plural)
44 A barrier
45 Large
46 Appropriate
47 Rescue
48 Table provisions
49 A salutation
50 A mound
51 Sooner than
52 A vehicle
53 Employs
54 Swirled
56 Arrived
57 Exhausted
58 A preposition
59 A pigeon
60 Exclamation



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RAMS CABANA EBON
OBOE AMICES MERE
SULTANATE■POUTER
ATE■BOSS■NEB■ISO
  SLOES■PURLED
HA■ARS■CAN■ARECA
ANENT■BONNETS■OR
SORE■DAW■EVE■FAR
HIE■SIT■ARA■SIRE
EN■HISTORY■CHESS
STRIP■ELM■BOA■ET
  APPEND■BLADE
ATT■EOS■ALAS■ARE
CRIERS■PLASTERED
IOTA INSERT ALBA
DYER NOISES TSAR
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

61 Piece used in chess
64 A city in New York
65 Attired
69 Mohammed's nephew
70 Engage in agriculture
71 Part of the foot
72 Self
73 Scandinavian
75 Desire possession of
77 Big
79 Scoff
80 Worship
81 Margins
82 State of bliss
83 Seamstress
84 An act

## VERTICAL

1 Not poetry
2 Divisions of the lungs
3 Combining form: egg
4 Made naked
5 South American mountain range
6 Den
7 Ruined city in Burma
8 A fish (plural)
9 A city in Ohio
10 Chew (vulgar)
11 Swine
12 Odor
13 A panel (plural)
14 Root out by digging
17 Loaned
23 Stitch
25 Alleged force
28 Woman's name
29 Contends
30 Vehicle
32 Cardinal number
33 Part of a harness
34 Lessen
35 Lassoed
36 Married
37 Plunge
38 Market
39 To dishonor
40 Donated
41 To void
43 A poet
44 Defy
47 Observed
48 Renown
52 Cavern
53 Tall tree of Java
55 Electrified particle
56 Chest of drawers
57 Bombarded
59 Woman's name
60 Form of to be
61 Cooking utensils
62 Single
63 Telegraphed
64 Egyptian deity
65 Hinder
66 Woolen fabric
67 Instigated
68 Performs
70 A plant
71 At this point
74 Comprehend
76 Solemn promise
78 American humorist

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Has Your Car a Long, Cold Radiator?

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**Mail Early:** There will be no deliveries on Sunday, Dec. 24, Monday, Dec. 25.

# VOX POP

### MR. TUGWELL'S "STATEMENT IS NOT TRUE"

CHICAGO, ILL.—In the article by Mr. Tugwell in the December 2 issue of Liberty he says: "Bread actually increased in price during the depression."

This statement is not true. Figures from the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics show continuous decrease during the depression, the total being two and a half cents. This is seven dollars and a half on the three hundred loaves produced from a barrel of flour.

During this same period the baker reflected to the consumer more than he saved in the decline in the price of commodities.

Conditions are sufficiently complicated—the people sufficiently distracted —without such misstatements.—*Henry Stude, President American Bakers Association.*

### "WHAT A GHASTLY ERROR!"

DETROIT, MICH.—It seems incredible that one in Professor Rexford G. Tugwell's position should know no better than to utter such fallacies as he does in his recent article in Liberty. I will quote a glaring one:

"Huge surpluses drove down the price of wheat from $1.25 a bushel to less than fifty cents."

It was in 1924 that wheat brought $1.29 a bushel. The farmers that year raised 864,428,000 bushels. It was in 1932 that the price fell to less than fifty cents, and the yield that year was only 726,831,000 bushels, or about 16 per cent less than in 1924. So "huge surpluses" did not drive down the price. It was underconsumption.

Yet it is this "huge surplus" fallacy on which is based the policy of taxing wheat consumers to bribe farmers to withhold wheatlands from use. What a ghastly error!—*Samuel Danziger.*

### TRY TO TELL THEM THAT

HOUSTON, TEX.—Married women workers with other means of support can render a patriotic service to our President and the NRA during this economic crisis by withdrawing from the field of gainful employment.

This would result in several millions of people being self-sustaining who are now dependent upon charity, and those giving up the jobs would not be deprived of any of the necessities of life.—*Russell L. Turner.*

### TRAVEL BY ROCKETS

VAN BUREN, ARK.—Dean W. N. Gladson of Fayetteville, Arkansas, should read Professor Piccard's article on the stratosphere again. He will find that nowhere does Piccard suggest that airplanes be used in traveling through that intangible medium above the earth's atmosphere.

The vehicle mentioned is a stratoplane, which undoubtedly will utilize some form of motive power involving "action" and "reaction," as for instance rockets.

Thus will we enjoy the exhilarating speed of stratosphere travel without violating the "fundamental laws of mechanics."—*Herbert Claybaugh.*

### PRACTICALLY SPEAKING

OAKLAND, CALIF.—While looking upon Liberty's amusing cover of November 25, by Leslie Thrasher, picturing three "Eskimos"—or must I be honest and say three Eastern college rooters?—I had to laugh.

It gives us Californians the "jitters" to imagine ourselves so dressed while rooting for our alma mater.

Why don't you Easterners come out to California sometime—any time—and see us practically in our underwear the year around?—*Harry Alley, Jr.*

### FUMES AND FLAMES AND SAFETY FIRST

CHICAGO, ILL.—May I extend my appreciation of the excellent article Fumes and Flames, written by Lowell Thomas, in your issue of November 25.

In the characteristic forceful and dramatic style of the author, the article carries a real punch and there is no mistaking the safety lesson which it teaches.

We have already heard from a great many of our members throughout the country calling our attention to the article and commending it in highest terms.—*W. H. Cameron, Managing Director, National Safety Council.*

### THREE MORE HORSEMEN

PADUCAH, KY.—In November 25 Vox Pop I noticed D. T. Waugh's letter saying that Hackman, McEver, and Dodd of the University of Tennessee would stack up with the best the country has ever produced.

He also mentioned that they lost only one game, that to Alabama in 1930. You asked, How Did They Lose That One?

Well, to the best of my knowledge, they just couldn't stack up to Campbell, Suther, and McRight. But that's no disgrace. Nobody else stacked up against them.

They completed their season and went to the Rose Bowl and beat Washington State, 24 to 0. There was not one point scored against them that year.—*Alabama Bill.*

### WHAT CITY IS 38 TIMES LARGER THAN LOS ANGELES?

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Am I laughing! In Vox Pop for November 25 Doc Wheeler states that Los Angeles is the largest city in area not only in the United States but in the world!

Maybe the doc has been writing prescriptions for himself.

For the doctor's enlightenment, the largest city in the world as regards area is just 38 times larger than Los Angeles. It contains 6,407 square miles. It is known as Honolulu, T. H. Now tie that one, doc!—*Frisco Slim.*

### THE BIGGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the answers to Twenty Questions in the November 4 issue of Liberty you make the statement that the Cullinan is the largest diamond in the world, weighing 3,024¾ carats. Surely this is wrong. As a matter of fact I do not find the name Cullinan in the list of the largest diamonds in the world today. Your Twenty Questions editor must have side-slipped.—*Arthur Lesser.*

[The Cullinan was found in the Premier Mine in the Transvaal in 1905. In the rough it weighed 3,106 metric carats. In 1907 it was presented to King Edward VII of England by the South African Federation. It was cut up into smaller units. The largest of these, the Star of South Africa, weighs 530.2 carats and is the largest gem in existence. The Lesser Star of South Africa, weighing 317⅓ carats, also cut from the Cullinan, is the second among the world's gems.—THE EDITOR.]

### WHAT IS THE FEMALE OF THE RUFF?

DONIE, TEX.—I wish to call your attention to an error in the Cross Word Puzzle in the December 2 issue of Liberty. No. 82 horizontal—female of the ruff is called a *reeve.*

Now smile, damn you, smile!—*Bill Holleman.*

### "IT IS THE OTHER DOG THAT DIES"

WAUWATOSA, WIS. — Just finished reading And One Good Woman, by Allan Swinton, in the October 28 issue of Liberty.

The story was interesting and well written; but why do so many authors, in order to show the fighting prowess of their canine heroes, have them kill a bull terrier? A bull terrier is primarily a fighting animal, and pound for pound is probably the best fighting machine in the dog world.

I have seen a forty-five-pound bull terrier kill two Airedales in a single afternoon, and not receive a mark. It is the other dog that dies.—*William P. Stoltenberg.*

### WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEY LOST THOSE ALIBIS?

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—In your December 2 issue of Liberty the article by Bill Terry, or ghost writer, certainly was grand. It voices the opinion I've held of the Giants for the past baseball season, and in fact I have been pulling for them since 1924, the last year they were in a World Series, I believe. It is a shame that more sport writers didn't give them the credit that they deserved, instead of alibiing their own predictions with the cry of "Miracle!"—*Giant Fan.*

### FIRST, LAST, AND ALL THE TIME

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND—It may interest readers of Liberty to know that, of the many American magazines I receive over here, Liberty is the only one paying the postage all the way, thereby giving Uncle Sam the much needed revenue.

All other magazines, including some receiving government subventions, are postmarked from England.

Liberty always seems to practice what it preaches: Buy American!—*James Howard Widmer.*

### IN FAIRNESS TO A BRAVE OFFICER'S FAMILY

OTTAWA, ONT.—In the article Is This the Man Who Won the World War? which appeared in your issue of November 4, appears the following statement:

" The young man who led the charge, and died smiling, was decorated with the Victoria Cross—fifteen years after his death. He was Lieutenant Gordon Muriel Flowerdew of Strathcona's Royal Canadian Horse."

Lieutenant Flowerdew died of wounds on the thirty-first day of March, 1918, and the award to him of the Victoria Cross was published in the London Gazette dated the twenty-fourth day of April, 1918, less than one month from the date of his death.

In fairness to this officer's family, the authorities responsible for the recommendation, and all concerned, it is hoped that you will give this fact the publicity you gave the incorrect statement.—*A. C. Chadwick.*

### TATTOO ARTISTS WILL LIKE THIS

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. — Rupert Hughes's suggestion in Liberty of October 28, that everybody be fingerprinted, is an old idea in a new bottle.

Some years ago I wrote an article advocating that every individual should have a tattoo mark on some inconspicuous part of his or her anatomy, giving name and other information minutely.

This would beat the fingerprint idea on account of its simplicity.

This notion came to me because I am called upon to act as coroner, and three times within the last twelve years I have held inquests over men who were buried without their identity being known—one an eighteeen-year-old boy whose mother may still be wondering what became of him.—*Joseph E. Deupree.*

### WHAT IS BURGOO?

PORTLAND, ME.—I have been very much interested in recent discussions in Vox Pop as to the origin and locale of file powder, used in making some Southern dishes.

This emboldens me to ask if you can tell me anything about " burgoo," which I believe is some sort of a Southern dish also.—*R. M. P.*

[Burgoo is a stew long a favorite in Kentucky and other sections of the South. The name originally was that of a sort of oatmeal pudding, or thick gruel, served to sailors.—THE EDITOR.]

### TESTIMONY OF AN EYEWITNESS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The serial by Rafael Muñoz, Hell Dogs! is very interesting and in large part true, some of the incidents, such as those in Delmonico's and at Torreón, particularly. The details of the Columbus raid (November 18 Liberty), however, are pure imagination.

Villa had no sentimental streak; he would not have left a valuable machine gun as a monument to a dead boy.

The one error in the otherwise veracious presentation is the picturization of Villa. Mr. Muñoz must never have seen him.

Francisco Villa (Doroteo Arango) was a bulky, tall Negroid type—so much so that the completely false rumor was widespread that he was a deserter from the Ninth or Tenth United States Cavalry.—*One Who Was There.*

### AN ORCHID FOR MISS ST. JOHNS

NATIONAL CITY, CALIF.—Adela Rogers St. Johns in November 18 Liberty has given to the world a heart-stirring appeal for peace that should live forever!

What Price Armistice? is an honor to the gifted author and, it is to be hoped, an earnest of the intention of the editors of the magazine to present its readers, as it has been doing of late, still more examples of literature of a character reflecting credit upon producers, publishers, and readers alike.—*Frank Chase.*

### MORAL COURAGE

CALDWELL, N. J.—I have just finished reading Miss St. Johns's story What Price Armistice? in your magazine, and I should like to congratulate both Liberty and Miss St. Johns for it. I imagine that there was considerable thought about the editorial acceptability of that story, but I am pleased to see that you had the moral courage to print it.—*Edward W. Bell.*

### WHAT THE DRYS WON'T DO NEXT

DETROIT, MICH.—Obvious earnestness and sincerity mark the article of Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith on What the Drys Will Do Next, in November 25 Liberty. Nevertheless its failings are equally obvious.

Equally important with what the drys will do is what they won't do. They won't lift a finger to remove the real cause of poverty, but will keep on doggedly insisting, in spite of overwhelming evidence, that it is liquor. Making liquor the scapegoat for what is due to land monopoly and taxation of industry won't abolish poverty, won't end the depression, and won't prevent the next one.

It is not claimed that the wets are much wiser, but at least they are not committed to a policy so unreasonable as a promise of prosperity through policemen's clubs and crowded jails and penitentiaries.

Prohibition is discredited because drys in power let twelve billions of taxes rest on industry, crush it, and bring on depression.—*Wolverine.*

OCEANSIDE, CALIF. — Ida B. Wise Smith contributed the most intelligent thing you have ever printed. God help our country if the coming generation goes in for hard liquor!—*John D. Dukes.*

### A NEW WAY TO COUNT VOTES

CHICAGO, ILL.—In November 25 Liberty Ida B. Wise Smith, in What Will the Drys Do Next? says 75 per cent of the voters either voted against repeal or were not interested enough to vote. Therefore, this 75 per cent would crush the wets. Wouldn't it be nice if all the losing political candidates could count all those who *didn't* vote?—*F. H. Arisman.*

Mail Early: There will be no deliveries on Sunday, Dec. 24, Monday, Dec. 25.

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Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

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# Making 'Em Feel

## A Past Master Tells How Coaches Manipulate the Ups and Downs of Morale

By

**JOHN W. HEISMAN**

Former president, American Football Coaches' Association

CARTOONS BY
H. R. McBRIDE

*(Reading time: 16 minutes 15 seconds.)*

TO be "right" for a tough football game, players must be neither indifferent, overconfident, nor hopeless. Twenty-five years ago a football coach had only to teach his men the game and keep them in good physical condition. Today, it is not going too far to say, the crowning perplexity of every coach is the psychological factor. So clearly is this recognized that at some institutions the faculty professor of psychology is called in to help.

As yet, a coach does not have to be an expert on behavior, reflexes, sensations, concepts, and psychic force. He still sticks, in the main, to such everyday terms as jinx, pep, hunch, guts, blow up, fogged up, crossing 'em up, the Indian sign, and goat-getting.

One morning back in 1890 we received word at Pennsylvania that a certain team had canceled on us for the following Saturday. That meant tedious scrimmage work for two solid weeks before the next game would arrive.

The disappointment took the gimp completely out of us. On Monday and Tuesday only about half the squad showed up at all, and Coach Wagonhurst foamed at the mouth. Something had to be done to get the fellows back on their football feed.

That night it was given out that prospects for a game on Saturday were excellent after all, and against a much stronger team than the one that had broken its engagement. Later we learned there wasn't a word of truth in this, but it served the coach's purpose.

The next day saw every man out in uniform again, and half an hour ahead of practice time. And in the scrimmage the fur flew. Singular to relate, our manager did succeed that very night in closing for a game with Princeton, so the bloody noses and black eyes of the day were not entirely in vain.

I cite this episode merely to show how clearly it was recognized as long as forty years ago that no team will make progress unless enthusiasm is maintained.

The prescription for a "cocky" player? Often the coach lines him up against the strongest, roughest man he has, with instructions to the latter to "take the nonsense out of that bird." For that matter, a good old-fashioned licking is the surest way to deflate a whole team's swelled head. But, however willing a coach may be that his team shall get a good scare, he can never quite reconcile himself to letting them take a defeat.

Some thirty years ago Billy Reynolds of Princeton turned out at the University of North Carolina one of the best teams ever seen south of Washington. They cleaned up everybody by impressive margins. I asked Billy whether he wasn't afraid it might go to their heads.

"It already has," said Billy. "Here we are only ten days off

*"Every time the ball went into play I said to myself, 'Rattler!'"*

# Right for Football

from our last game, with Virginia, and for two days I haven't been able to get a lick of real work out of this bunch. But here's the antidote." And he pulled out a big sheaf of telegrams and letters.

I read a few. One and all they warned Coach Reynolds that Virginia would be no cinch; they told alarmedly of the Cavaliers' giant linesmen and lightning backs, and of the new tricks and surprise plays they had up their sleeves.

"They're genuine telegrams and letters from Carolina alumni," said Billy, "but of course I had to write those alumni what I wanted."

That very day he handed his forty frantic wires and his fifty bloodcurdling scare letters out to his men without a word of comment, and held practice back till they had read their fill. In less than ten minutes they were clamoring for the hardest scrimmage of the year.

Any man can fight when he thinks he's backed up against a wall, and so can any team. On Thanksgiving Day those Carolinians won a great victory over a great Virginia eleven. Reynolds had the right psychology.

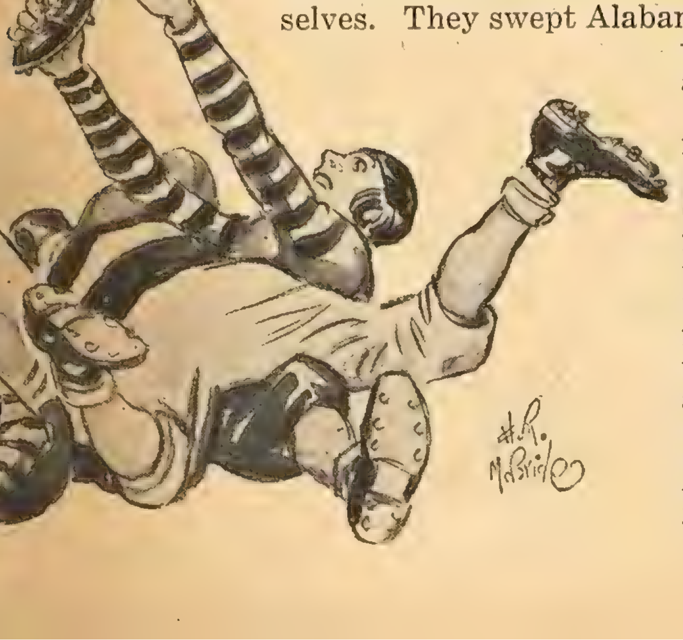
MEDIOCRE players who amply realize their shortcomings need to be given more hope and confidence. My 1912 squad at Georgia Tech included but two veteran players. It averaged 154 pounds, and it didn't have one fast man. In our first game we were tied by a team of nondescripts. In our second we were nearly licked by a team we usually beat by some forty points. Our third game would be with Alabama—then, as now, a tough proposition. My bunch were chilled to the marrow.

With a week to prepare, I laid for my men singly about the campus. Mostly I told them new jokes—so the whole squad would gather that I was in high good humor. Then I would wind up with, "By the way, Jim, you're showing great improvement! Keep it up and you'll be heard from—soon."

To the assembled squad I spoke in similar strain, predicting that we'd have a real team long before the season was over, and (with secretiveness) that on Saturday we might even surprise folks—and Alabama.

Under this tonic they began to play with flashes of sense, skill, and courage. I let one or two overhear me praise them to the alumni, and I promised them a banquet if they would merely fight like real men. That last helped.

Well, sirs, those rookies did give Alabama a cataclysmic shock. Their frenzy threw the visitors into confusion, and the entire first half was about a draw. To replace this frenzy with confidence I told them, in the intermission, they were outplaying the Tuscaloosans, who had no business—on that day at least—standing on the same field with us. With the help of this line of talk our fellows found themselves. They swept Alabama off the field in the second half and won, 20 to 3.



JOHN W. HEISMAN

U. & U. News photo

As a coach very rarely comes into any kind of contact with the members of rival teams, any efforts at legitimate goat-getting on his part are precluded. But in the game itself the rival players often taunt and kid back and forth, and occasionally they try mental suggestion on each other.

There was that Bucknell-Villanova game of a couple of years ago. No sooner would a Bison be down than a Villanovian would extend him a hand and help him to his feet. That was nice; but as he did it each Samaritan would exclaim, "Why, what's the matter. Are you sick?" or, "My, you do look bad—do you need the doctor?"

Under this dingdonging, it was said, the fire of Bucknell's play visibly flickered, and they lost a game almost everybody had expected them to win.

THAT reminds me that in 1923 we at W. & J. greatly feared the line-busting prowess of a certain rival fullback. The other team's captain was their field general and triple threat. He was good but not great, and we felt sure we could stop *him;* so this was what we did:

Not once in the game did the boys put that rival captain down hard or strive to throw him for a discouraging loss. If he made a fair gain they would say, "Nice work, old man!" If he made a good gain several would pat him on the back and intimate that the way he was playing he was certain to make All-America.

The net result was that the rival captain graciously ran himself most of the time—just to let us see how good he really was. He did gain some ground in mid-field, but whenever he got down into our territory the boys would tighten up and stop him.

As for the demon fullback—well, *his* fragrance was wasted on the desert air: we simply weren't much called

*The coach handed the bloodcurdling scare letters out to his men.*

upon to halt *him!*

When preparing to go up against a "one-man team," coaches teach their charges to concentrate on the rival star. Such a star and such a team were Red Grange and Illinois in 1924. But there was one team they could not down—Minnesota. Yet the Swedes were punk that season, their win over Illinois being the only major victory they achieved.

How was it done? Well, the Gopher coaches told their men Grange was the whole Illinois team. And as Grange carried the ball three fourths of the time, they directed eight special Gophers to watch and concentrate on him and to disregard the other three Illinois backs—the latter couldn't win the game carrying the ball only 25 per cent of the time.

That was the keynote of the coaching for the entire week. They talked and talked about Grange, his red hair, his summer ice work, anything to rivet the squad's thoughts on him. The Gophers had no choice save to talk, hear, think, argue, eat, sleep, and snore Red Grange until he became an obsession that filled their entire minds and lives. And still the coaches told them over and over that this demigod could be stopped. How? Why, with guts! The Terrible Swedes swore to stop him.

THE climax was reached on Saturday morning when they awoke to find every post, fence, tree, and barn placarded with three flaming words:

HE IS HERE!

He? Who? Who but Grange? To the Gophers those three words fairly yelled and hooted a challenge.

From the first whistle of that game Grange was doomed. He could scarcely get out of his tracks before they were swarming all over him. They burnt him up with concentration. Soon he had to leave the game, and with him went all chance of an Illinois victory.

If one could figure a way to keep the rival players from concentrating on their own salient stratagem, that would go a long way toward avoiding defeat.

Moorhead College and North Dakota Normal were playing each other in 1928. It was a hard-fought game, but Moorhead kept hammering the ball nearer and nearer to Dakota's goal. Finally it rested on the five-yard line, and Moorhead had two more downs.

Twice already has Moorhead crashed its crack line breaker against Faust, Dakota's 215-pound guard, and to good effect. Again the signal is given. Probably this will be another onslaught on huge Faust. Every Moorhead player concentrates to his uttermost to jam the ball over. Follows an instant of tense expectancy.

What's this? Lo, "Dinosaur" Faust is straightening up, his great frame catching every eye. He rolls his eyes around the stands, then drawls, for all to hear:

"There sure are a lot of people here today."

The other players' jaws drop. They gape at each other. A Dakota player snickers, the Moorhead center giggles, the referee strangles back a snort. Then all collapse.

But when they try to resume it is manifest that the Moorhead concentration has evaporated. Their next two assaults are puerile and the ball is lost on downs.

Maybe Faust knew what he was about!

This was a lot like an incident they tell of as having taken place in Atlanta when Notre Dame was playing Georgia Tech there in 1928. The Nomads had the ball near Tech's goal line, and as they went into a huddle for the next play their faces were grim and deadly.

Then Peter Pund, captain of the Tech team, was seen stepping deliberately into that huddle. Calmly and very pleasantly he said, "Excuse me, fellows. I just want to tell you that the frats are giving a dance tonight in your honor and they hope you can all come. There'll be a lot of pretty girls there."

"A-r-r-g—you go to—" began the Notre Dame captain; then ended with a sullen "Uh-huh—thanks."

Did Notre Dame score? Of course not.

CAN men play well when they are mad? That depends on whether they can think coolly, quickly, and correctly in spite of their anger.

Into my mind pops the case of a fine quiet young fellow who got madder and madder for three solid years at a certain team and its coach—who was myself. It was a generation ago that MacLauren entered Clemson College in South Carolina. I was coaching there. Mac was eligible for the varsity, but he was young and new to the game, for which reasons he didn't make it as a freshman. The next year found me coaching at Georgia Tech.

For the ensuing three years MacLauren made the Clemson varsity, and in 1906 they finally gave us a neat trimming, mainly through Mac's wild-man playing.

As I arose from our bench to leave the field, a mud-covered gladiator came panting up to me. It was Mac. He addressed me through clenched teeth:

"Coach, you said I was too meek and clumsy for football. But I've made my varsity three years, and today maybe I helped a little to beat your team. That's all!"

"Just a minute," said I. "Who told you I said that?"

"Oh, Clemson people," he said, naming several. "They've been shooting that into me ever since you left Clemson, and it got me so mad I—I—well, I felt I had to get even with you today or bust!"

"Mac," said I, "I never said or thought anything of the sort. What they told you was a lie. It was a trick to make you fighting mad, and it worked."

"Well, I'll be teetotally gumswizzled!" said Mac.

Not long ago I heard of a Midwestern player, a fine athletic-looking fellow known to his mates as "Syko." He was a shark in his studies, particularly in psychology; but when it came to football he was only a tiny toothless minnow. Some scrubs at whom he was wont to bluster went so far as to hint around that he was yellow, and that soon they'd show him up.

At any rate, Syko was put into an easy game and he seemed O. K. In two more games he played fairly well, though in practice he wasn't worth killing. The scrubs racked their brains to ascertain how and why.

Finally they solved the mystery. Before each game it appeared that Syko would ascertain the identity of the guard who was to line up against him. Then with severe dignity he would stride up to his man, look him hard in the eye, and bite off, "I'm So-and-So. How do you propose to play today—rough or fair?"

Flustered by this abruptness, the other would stutter out, "Eh? Why—fair, of course."

"See that you do!" Syko would snap back, then march off with a Jovian stride and his rival's Angora.

But those mischievous scrubs got him. One day a visiting team hit town—and what should these lads do but hunt up the rival guard concerned and put him wise. That afternoon as the teams were about to line up Syko went up to him and spoke his awesome speech.

"Whoopee!" roared the fellow, spitting on his hands. "Rough or fair? Oh, man, *rough!* Yea, bo! TOUGH! Oh, please, Mister Referee, blow that there whistle quick!"

Any one can imagine what followed. Syko put up such a spiritless stall that his coach had to yank him within the first five minutes. That night he turned in his uniform, and the next month he flunked in psycho.

One day, some years ago, a fellow coach showed me an anonymous letter he had received that morning. It read as follows:

> Dear Sir:
>
> The writer is a student at X College. This morning, in the lavatory of the Grand Hotel, I happened to overhear a conversation between our coach and a gambler. The former said he has your signals.
>
> Now, sir, I'm loyal to the X team, and I believe we can beat you by fair means; but if we can't I hope we don't win. I simply had to write and put you wise, so that you can change your signals if you see fit. Yours for better sportsmanship—

MY opinion of the letter (anonymous) was that it was a fake pure and simple. But my fellow coach finally decided he could not afford to ignore the warning, and he gave his squad new signals—two days before the game.

It was a disastrous move. Half his men failed to get smooth in the new signals and the entire squad lost its morale. Needless to say, they played very ragged football and lost a game I had figured they would win.

The next year I had a game scheduled with the X team; and two days ahead of our game with them I received a communication that would almost have passed for a facsimile of the letter recited above. I made no mention of it to my players and we won.

While admitting the astuteness of this trick, I give its details mainly as a warning to other coaches who may some day have the same thing tried on them. Let me add here I do not believe there is one football coach in a hundred who is capable of trying such a filthy trick as this.

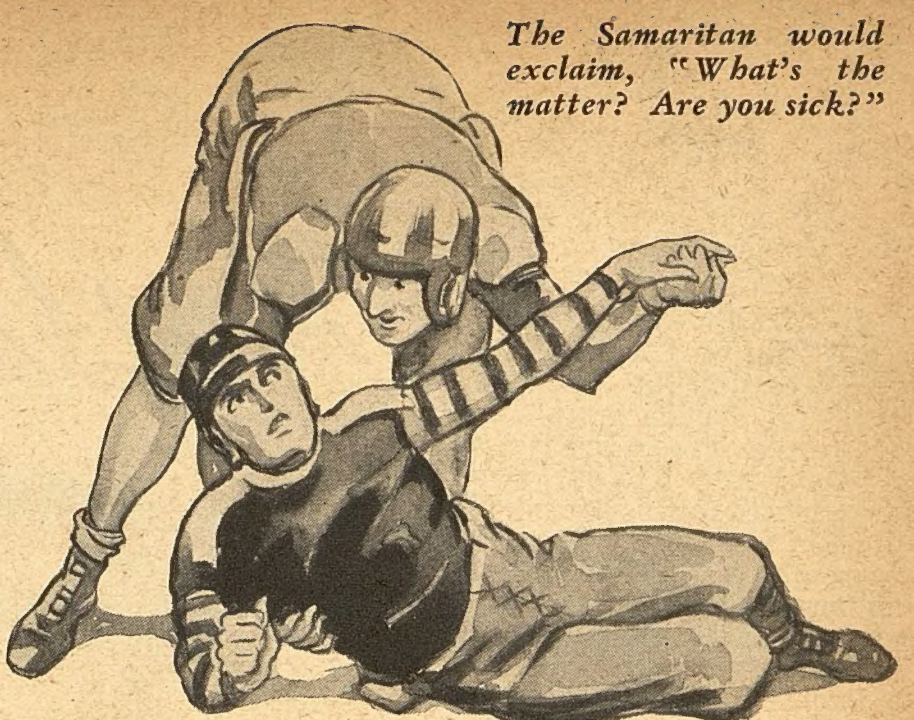
It's because players have imagination that coaches are able to influence and sway them.

Who was the last Confederate general to surrender at the end of the Civil War? You don't know? It was that grand old cavalry leader, General Kirby Smith.

And when did he surrender? Never.

Declining to hand over his sword, the general retired to his mountain home, accepted a position as professor of mathematics at the University of the South, and spent the rest of his days in serene Sewanee, Tennessee. And there his sons and his grandsons got their college educations, played on Sewanee football teams, and played well.

Sewanee has less than three hundred enrollment—but the Purple Tigers are just about the "fightingest fools" you ever saw. In 1926 they played Alabama in Birmingham. A couple of days before the great game, the coach, Dr. Michael Bennett, was talking with Henry (Horse) Kirby Smith, his left tackle. The latter, a grandson of the old general, confided that, having been raised in the mountains, he couldn't get used to big crowds, else he was sure he would play better ball. The coach advised him to imagine himself roaming over his dad's mountain ranch. Then, slapping him on the back, he added:



*The Samaritan would exclaim, "What's the matter? Are you sick?"*

"I'll tell you, son. Every time the ball goes into play, just imagine a great big diamond-back rattler has dropped from an overhead limb and landed right on you. In such a case you wouldn't think much about that crowd, would you? No, by heck! You'd grab that thing and throw it off, then stamp it to pieces! Well, that rattler's what you want to keep your eye on. Sometimes he's the opposing linesman, sometimes he's their interference, and then again he's the man with the ball. But the instant you see that ball go into play you figure a rattler has just coiled to strike. See?"

THE first kick-off was caught by Alabama, but the runner didn't get far, for here was that six-foot-three and 215-pound Kirby Smith knocking down everybody between them till he reached the runner, and laying him low with one smashing tackle.

They lined up and, as the ball was snapped, Horse was through his man and knocking the Alabama interference to smithereens. And so it kept up all afternoon. Alabama finally won by a safety only; but Sewanee had made five first downs with the ball to Alabama's four, and those four had been made through Sewanee's *right* side. Never before had Kirby Smith played such a game.

After the game the coach warmly congratulated Horse. "Shucks, coach!" was his grinning reply. "You yourself told me what to think about, and every time the ball went into play I just said to myself, 'Rattler!'"

THE END

**Mail Early: There will be no deliveries on Sunday, Dec. 24, Monday, Dec. 25.**

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# Scrambled History Prize Winners

## Week of October 21

$50 FIRST PRIZE
R. S. M. Jones, Oakland, Calif.

$25 SECOND PRIZE
Albert Simpson, Augusta, Ga.

$15 THIRD PRIZE
R. J. Mason, Muskegon, Mich.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE
Major H. W. Thomas
Lewisburg, W. Va.

### TEN $5 PRIZES

Francis P. Chisholm, Ithaca, N. Y.; Esther F. Drake, South Eliot, Maine; De Witt Elwood, Flint, Mich.; Frederick W. Herms, San Francisco, Calif.; Mary Howland, Detroit, Mich.; Catharine Katzenberger, Greenville, Ohio; C. C. McMillan, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Milton Y. Pender, Johnstown, Pa.; Mrs. M. Runckel, Oakland, Calif.; Janet Shares, Washington, D. C.

### FIFTY $2 PRIZES

S. V. Akers, Roanoke, Va.; J. H. Bennett, Jr., Charlotte, N. C.; Harvey S. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Betty Butler, St. Paul, Minn.; J. A. Campeau, Ottawa, Ont.; Harriet Colebaugh, Savanna, Ill.; William Dann, New York, N. Y.; Roger L. Diltz, Midddletown, Ohio; A. J. Dirksen, Springfield, Ill.; Mayme Evans, Pasadena, Tex.; Clara L. Gayer, Akron, Ohio; Clarence E. Gilstrap, Racine, Mo.; A. C. Gochnauer, Charlottesville, Va.; Dorothy A. Golden, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Rene Gough, Los Angeles, Calif.; Loyce D. Grice, Atlanta, Ga.; Robert Helmer, Moorcroft, Wyo.; W. Karl Hilbrich, Erie, Pa.; George Hummer, York, Pa.; Mrs. H. Douglas Jones, Rochester, N. Y.; M. H. Landis, Waynesboro, Pa.; Robert E. Lee, Loveland, Ohio; James A. Leger, Kansas City, Mo.; Mary C. Lonicki, New Bedford, Mass.; John R. Mansfield, Toronto, Ont.; Frank McKechnie, San Francisco, Calif.; Rollin Meyer, Richmond, Ind.; Gertrude Morrison, Newark, Ohio; Margaret O'Shea, Malden, Mass.; Edward C. Owens, Lowville, N. Y.; Perry Parr, Arlington, N. J.; Alice M. Russell, Worcester, Mass.; W. B. Sample, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Max E. Schayer, Jr., Washington, D. C.; Rev. Frank Scheper, French Lick, Ind.; Marie Slechta, Washington, D. C.; Hewlett Smith, Atlanta, Ga.; Lillian Sneed, Pasadena, Tex.; Milton Solins, New York, N. Y.; Frank A. Sommers, Milwaukee, Wis.; G. D. Stallard, Elizabethton, Tenn.; Maynard B. Stoddard, Staunton, Va.; Robert Thomas, Washington, D. C.; Walter K. Todd, Syracuse, N. Y.; L. S. Turcotte, Cardston, Alta.; Fred P. Vetterick, Pascagoula, Miss.; Mrs. Fred E. Willis, Hagerstown, Md.; Mrs. John W. Williams, Jr., Roanoke, Va.; Mabel W. Willson, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Helen Witzeman, Decatur, Ill.

# TO THE LADIES!

Merry Christmas

*(Reading time: 4 min. 10 sec.)*

A GIANT eye drawn with coal on the cellar floor was the first masterpiece created by Artist Percy Crosby, now celebrated everywhere for his Skippy pictures. He did his big eye in the cellar when he was eight years old. Even then he made an impression on his public. Pa Crosby, unwarned, was scared pink by Percy's lifelike staring, menacing monster eye of coal.

Percy Crosby

Probably you won't be surprised to learn that Percy Crosby's own kid adventures are the source of most of his Skippy comics. By the way, while we were talking that afternoon, in three minutes he sketched out the Christmas Skippy that decorates this page.

"When I was a kid," he told me, "I always wanted a patrol wagon for Christmas. You know the kind—a boy's cart with Police painted on it. Somehow I never got one. That was a tragedy of my youth."

But one fine Christmas Pa Crosby gave Percy a sword—and that was the *triumph* of his youth. With his sword he captained an army, seventy-five kids strong. They called themselves the Liberty Boys.

"What we really wanted," says Mr. Crosby, "was to be cavalry troopers. So I wrote a letter to John D. Rockefeller, asking him if he would please give us some horses. I guess he didn't have any horses. Or perhaps he forgot to send them."

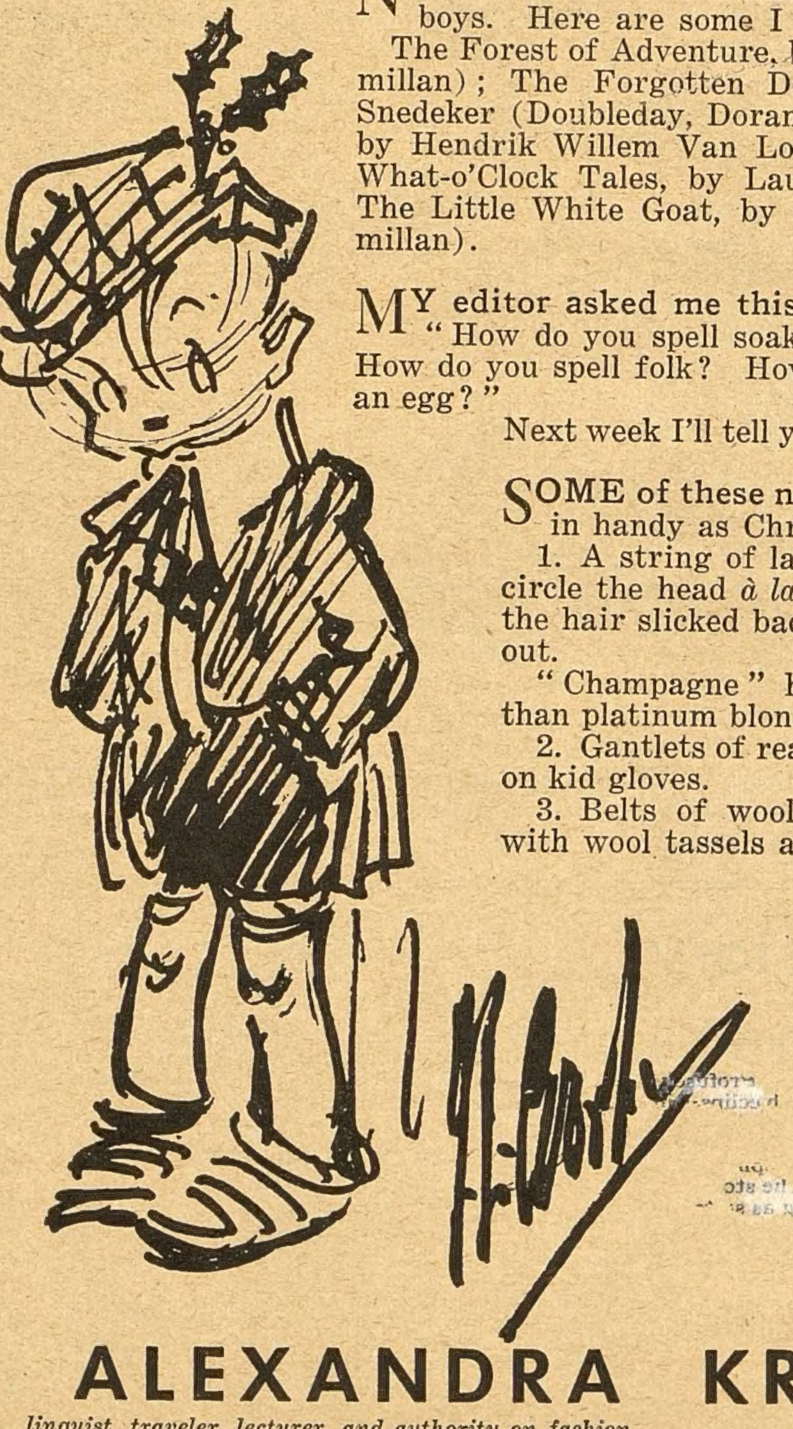
However, the grown-up Skippy Crosby has splendid horses now on his Virginia farm. Other fads of his are: Skippy, Jr., and two more kids of his own, Neapolitan ice cream with chocolate in it, and pistol shooting (he's a crack shot).

In his spare time he writes books and makes magnificent action drawings of polo ponies, dancers, divers, prize fighters, football players, etc.

IN one way this Christmas is pretty sure to be an old-fashioned Christmas. Cordials and fine liqueurs will be back again on many a gift list. Always a practical soul, I have been carrying on a private investigation to find out what cordials our ladies who *do* drink prefer to sip.

Women of the lavender years—say grandmothers and elderly aunts—acknowledge a leaning toward benedictine, apricot brandy, grand marnier, crème de menthe.

Favorites of the younger set are cointreau, chartreuse, curaçao, cherry brandy—to say nothing of the fierier spirits: cognac, marc, armagnac, prunelle, fin champagne.



I WANT to pass on to you these oddities of human interest from West Falmouth, Massachusetts, where I've been visiting friends:

For their honeymoon he drove his bride three times around the village green. Captain of a whaling ship, he then sailed away for four years.

Now consider this vast old mansion, built by a Civil War profiteer and long since deserted. We wander through the dusty ghostlike rooms. On the grand staircase, in faded handwriting, we find the names, heights, weights (before and after dinner) of every guest who dined and wined there when the house was young. Over the door of the empty nursery we see this echoing inscription, "Who has been here since I've been gone?"

Our next curio is a suit of clothes being tried for murder. The suit belonged originally to my West Falmouth host. His wife donated it to a needy stranger. Arrested later on, the stranger was tried for murder in my host's old suit. Gave my host a creepy feeling, he said.

NOW is the time to think about books for girls and boys. Here are some I recommend:

The Forest of Adventure, by Raymond Ditmars (Macmillan); The Forgotten Daughter, by Caroline Dale Snedeker (Doubleday, Doran); An Elephant Up a Tree, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Simon and Schuster); What-o'Clock Tales, by Laurence Housman (Stokes); The Little White Goat, by Dorothy P. Lathrop (Macmillan).

MY editor asked me this riddle: "How do you spell soak? How do you spell joke? How do you spell folk? How do you spell the white of an egg?"

Next week I'll tell you the answer.

SOME of these new fashion fads may come in handy as Christmas hints:

1. A string of large beads, any color, to encircle the head *à la* Alice in Wonderland, with the hair slicked back to the beads, then fluffed out.

"Champagne" hair, by the way, is newer than platinum blonde.

2. Gantlets of real lace or of rhinestone mesh on kid gloves.

3. Belts of woolen yarn twisted like rope with wool tassels attached to rhinestone ornaments.

4. Very tailored shirt blouses of gold or silver lamé to be worn with trailing velvet skirts in black or colors.

5. Ebony earrings set with cabochon stones, green or red. And the new ear clips—yes, *clips*—of colored enamel. They hold on to the lobes of your ears like little bulldogs.

## By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

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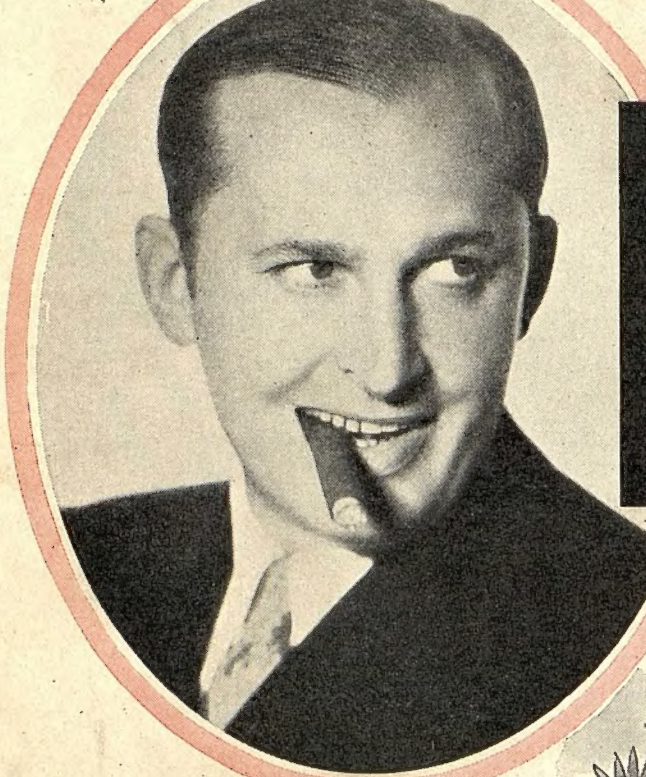

Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro," selected pattern No. T-103.

Ted Weems contended for pattern No. T-200.

Pattern No. S-225 was chosen by Jan Garber.

We asked Ben Bernie, Ted Weems and Jan Garber, three of the most popular orchestra leaders, to select one style of Fortune Shoes to be featured throughout the Nation the week of December 23rd. When the argument was over, and decisions made, each had selected a different pattern, so we had to run all three.

This is Ben Bernie's choice. A genuine calfskin oxford with medium English toe, No. T-103.

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